

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1877.

No. 3.

[Copyright, 1876, by Scribner & Co.]

THE MINUET.

By M. M. D.

GRANDMA told me all about it,
Told me, so I could n't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced!—
Long ago.

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose!—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.
Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting Grandpa's stocking—
(Every girl was taught to knit,
Long ago).
Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk
Long ago.
No—they moved with stately grace,

Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtseying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago?

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.
In time to come, if I, perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of *our* dance,
I should really like to say,
“We did it, dear, in some such way,
Long ago.”

A LETTER TO A YOUNG NATURALIST.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

ROME, April 9, 1876.



Y DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: It gave me much pleasure to receive your letter. I am much obliged by your kind offer of sending me specimens of American insects and birds, of which you seem already to have a promising collection; but I do not make collections of any kind of natural history objects. If I can be called a naturalist at all, it must be a very *natural* one, for I never studied any branch of natural history in books, excepting botany, and only the botany of the British Isles. That was to me a great delight and source of health in my early youth as it led me to range far and wide over the country, over hills and fields, through woods and marshes, and along the sea-coasts. But even that branch of natural history was superseded by other constant pursuits, and I have never renewed it me-

thodically. Nevertheless, the acquaintance which I then, and in still earlier years, made with trees, flowers, grapes, and various forms of vegetable life, remains with me. There are few British plants that I do not know familiarly, though their scientific names I should sometimes have to look for. This acquaintance gives me a good guess at many species of foreign plants that I see, and adds to my pleasure in the country wherever I am.

As to animals of all sorts, quadrupeds, bipeds, reptiles, insects, I have a wide acquaintance with them by sight, not by science. The appearance, notes, and habits of most British birds, are as familiar to me as possible. I never hear a song or a twitter of one, as I am walking anywhere, but I recognize it as the voice of an old friend, to the great astonishment of my human friends. Such are the pleasures of an habitual intimacy with the works of God in this his wonderful world. I therefore congratulate you on the taste for natural his-

tory,
ing y
heart
inn
Mech
who c
the fr
nies c
given
and a
of cal
tears,
Wh
Amer
tions.
your
your
When
your
is, swa
life!
Ameri
deligh
mango
the bi
flies, I
wings
amid
to me,
thicket
Who
entom
which
by stea
hence,
extend
be the
life of
In A
isles of
world
marsup
(Ornith
like a c
beaver,
creatur
ing like
shoot s
stomach
macera
ing this
them to
the swa
a sort o
jocular
tower-b
a tower,

tory, and hope you will, in classifying and preserving your various specimens, keep alive in your heart all the poetry of nature connected with these innumerable and charming inventions of the Great Mechanist. He must surely be the best naturalist who carries into his cabinet the consciousness of all the freshness, loveliness, and indescribable harmonies of the magnificent world in which God has given them places to live for our mutual pleasure and advantage,—that world which we are too fond of calling “this wretched world,” “this vale of tears,” and the like.

What a vast and varied field you have in the American continent for your inquiries and acquisitions. I have seen something of the beauties of your ornithology in Audubon and Wilson, and of your trees in some handsomely illustrated works. When you have mastered the northern portion of your immense continent, what a second one there is, swarming with all the forms of life, and *such* life! I never had but a few days' view of South America, but it was to me a glimpse of wonder and delight. A land of palms, cocoa-nut trees, bananas, mangoes and bread-fruits! The trees, the flowers, the birds and insects! Those blue-green butterflies, large as my hand, and the margin of their wings studded, as it were, with jewels, floating amid magnolias and a world of other trees, new to me, with the quaint chameleons lurking in the thickets below!

When you have completed the ornithology and entomology of total America, there is Australia, which by that time will be brought very near to you by steam. That, of course, will be a great while hence, and I shall be glad to think that you will extend your researches thither, because you must be then an old man and will have enjoyed a long life of pleasure in the accumulation of knowledge.

In Australia (to say nothing of India and the isles of the Southern Ocean) there is a totally new world of creatures,—the kangaroo, a whole race of marsupials; that queer nondescript, the platypus (*Ornithorynchus paradoxus*), with a head and bill like a duck, the body of an otter, and a tail like a beaver, which is carnivorous and lays eggs. These creatures, which are quick as lightning, disappearing like a flash under water, we yet managed to shoot sometimes, but never found anything in their stomachs but a little fine black mud; probably macerated infusoria. The impossibility of furnishing this food has defeated all attempts to convey them to other countries. There you would find the swan black; emus, ibises, native companions, a sort of tall adjutant or crane, of most comical and jocular habits. The gorgeous lyre-bird and the tower-bird, which amuses itself not only in building a tower, but of making little inclosures of shining

stones or shells, as children do. You have there trees occasionally arriving at a height of 500 feet, and nettles, real *urtica*, growing into large and very dangerous trees. As for insects, they are as the sands of the sea. There is a mole-cricket, which makes a lid to its hole, with a hinge, and as you approach ceases its noise, drops the lid, and shuts itself in. Amongst the oddities, though not insects, you have fish that hop about on land,—I have seen them; and crawfish of a bright red, as if already boiled. But let me tell you about the mantis, and the ants. You have no doubt seen the mantises of South America and India, which are precisely like leaves, with the leaf ribs and foot stalks, too; but the Australian ones that I saw were different. We caught one with a body like a straw of about four inches long, and a pair of small but lovely Psyche-like wings, with rainbow colors. As we had no chloroform, or anything to kill it with, we kept it under water for more than twelve hours. When taken out, as fast as it dried it became lively again as ever. It continued all day just as lively, although pinned down upon a piece of bark. At night a mouse ate off its head and the legs on one side. The next night the mouse ate off its tail and more legs, but it continued as lively as ever. On the third day a bird scooped down upon the table before our tent and carried it away, and possibly managed to extinguish the vivacious remains of the mantis in its stomach, but I would not say.

We had in one part of the country a small house-ant of not half an inch long, that was found on almost every twig of a bush, or hole of a tree. It would jump down our backs, when, as often was the case in hot weather, we had our shirt-necks open, and would kick and sting away until we had destroyed him. This ant was an admirable fly-catcher, and would dart at a fly many yards, and would strike it with unerring precision. Frequently it would dart down from the roof of the tent, as I sat reading, and strike at a capital letter on my open book, taking it for a fly. The ants by myriads, and of many species, are always traveling up and down the Australian trees. I suppose they puncture the tender shoots at the top and suck the juices. Probably this is the cause that at a particular season of the year the manna gum-tree scatters down its manna. As many of these trees are some hundreds of feet high, the daily journeys of these ants is considerable, but as the concentric rings in the stems of these trees make it probable that some of them have lived for 1,000 years or more, I expect such armies of ants have been marching up and down them for the same long period. It would require a large volume to give you an idea of the various and showy birds of Australia. I may tell you two little facts.

We used to be much amused with the family life of a gray bird, I believe a sort of gray magpie. These birds seemed never to produce more than one young one at a time, but then father and mother, uncles and aunts, joined in feeding it, and making a great fuss over it. You could always know where one of these much-rejoiced-over young birds was, by the clamor and cackling of the assembled relatives, as of a lot of barn-door fowl.

In once digging for gold, that lay near the surface, we came upon a small bush containing the nest of a little bird called the "splendid warbler;" it was full of young ones; the father, a gay, fine fellow, brilliant with a variety of colors, but a very great coward, scarcely dared come near us, but three or four brown little birds—I suppose the mother and her sisters, or eldest daughters—fed the young without caring for us. We were so much amused by them that we would not disturb the bush till they had flown, but went on to another place. As soon as we thought the young ones had flown we returned to dig up the bush, but a party of Mormons, from California, had saved us that trouble. We asked them how much gold they found under the bush, and they said four ounces. Four ounces at four pounds sterling an ounce. So we had lost sixteen pounds sterling, not wishing to disturb the warbler's family; but we did not regret it, for they had given us more than that amount of amusement by their proceedings.

Sir John Lubbock of late years has been studying the habits and instincts of bees and ants. I am afraid, however, that he has been doing in entomology what Niebuhr did in history, and rent away a good deal of fact along with actual myth. I think that there is a vast deal that is wonderful in these insects. It always astonishes me to see a young swarm of bees one day put into a new hive, and perhaps carried away to a new place; the next day fly off far and wide over the fields, load themselves with wax and honey, and come back with the rapidity almost of rays of light—come direct to the new hive, though it stand among a dozen others, without mistake or circumlocution; dart past, not only houses among trees, but moving objects;—pass you as you stand near the hive, hundreds of them at a time, yet neither strike you nor each other, though thus concentrating their flight to a point. Independently of their geometric skill in constructing their cells, this seems to me marvelous. And if they fly, as Sir John Lubbock supposes, by scent, what noses they must have!

An old friend of mine, an enthusiastic philo-apian, told me that being at a friend's house one dry summer, when all the field flowers were nearly scorched up, he saw thousands of bees busy in a field of clover then in bloom.

"I wish my bees were here," said my friend.

"Probably they are," replied the gentleman.

"What, at forty miles distance?"

"Yes," said his friend. "On your return home dredge the backs of your bees with flour as they issue from the hives in the morning, and we shall see."

This was done, and his friend wrote to him directly: "There are plenty of your white-jacket bees here in the clover."

But whatever is the fact with bees, ants follow their noses much more than their eyes. In my garden I saw a train of ants ascending an apple-tree; go up by one track, and descend by another. As in ascending they passed between two small shoots that sprung from the bole, I stopped their passage with a piece of bark. The ants did not see this obstruction with their eyes, but ran bump against it, and stood still, astonished. Soon a crowd of them had thus been suddenly stopped, and were anxiously searching about for a passage. By various successive starts forward, they eventually got around the obstruction and reached the track on the other side. The line of scent was renewed, and thenceforward, on arriving at the barricade, they went, without a moment's hesitation, by the circular track. I then took my penknife and pared away a piece of the outer bark on the open bole where the ants were descending. The effect was the same. The scent being taken away, the ants came to a dead stand, and there was the same confounded crowd, and the same spasmodic attempts to regain the road, which being effected in the same way, the scent was carried over the shaven part of the bark, and the train ran on as freely as before.

We have a large black wood-ant in England, and probably you have one similar in America. It makes in the woods heaps of small dead twigs, as large as a cart-load. This mound of twigs is a city of ants, almost one living mass. Turn aside a few of the outer twigs, and hundreds of ants are made visible, in a state of great agitation. Put the point of your stick near them, and they will sit up, as if sitting in chairs, and bite and fight your stick lustily.

In my teens I went to ramble much about Sherwood Forest, the scene of Robin Hood's exploits. Near the town of Mansfield, on the forest, was a wood called Harlowe Wood. In this I saw a line of these wood-ants following a track burnt quite bare, as if by the formic acid of their bodies. I followed this line for about a furlong, to ascertain whither the ants were going. At that distance they wheeled around and returned to their nest, without any apparent cause for this march that I could discover. There must, of course, have been a motive

for it,
could
having
cross
upon
this v
visibl
years
that w
is at t
spot, a
Prof
that c

KATI
long, an
her dista
finer fro
herself I
basket a
shaped
pipkin,
grew few

for it,—of food or moisture, or something,—but I could detect none. Nearly twenty years afterward, having paid a casual visit to my old haunts, in crossing this wood, to my astonishment, I came upon this line of ants proceeding from their nest to this very same spot, and back again, with as little visible cause as ever; and though it is very many years since that last visit, I feel persuaded that if that wood be not destroyed, the same line of ants is at this day making the same march to the same spot, and thence returning.

Probably the object may be to capture insects that cross their line of march; but they never

seemed to pause or quit the exact track, or to show any disorder, as if engaged in looking out for or securing prey.

I send these desultory remarks, knowing the interest that a young naturalist takes in the smallest characteristics of animal life. A son of ours, as a boy, could tell you every mason-bee's abode in an old wall where there were hundreds; and, afterward, had a pleasure in, and sympathy with, every creature that existed near him.

May you live, learn, enjoy, and make known much of the hidden knowledge of God's humble creatures.—Your friend, WILLIAM HOWITT.

KATINKA.

(A Russian Story.)

BY KATE BROWNLEE HORTON.



"SHE WOULD CATCH UP HER LITTLE SISTER LISA AND RUN HOME."

KATINKA was tired, and lonely too. All day long, and for many days together, she had plied her distaff busily, drawing out the thread finer and finer from the great bunches of flax, which she herself had gathered and dried, till the birch-bark basket at her feet was almost filled with firm, well-shaped "twists," and the sticks in the great earthen pipkin, upon which the thread must be wound, grew fewer and fewer.

The tips of her fingers were sore, and it was dull work with no one to speak to except her faithful cat, Dimitri, who was never content when he saw his mistress working, unless he had a ball of thread for himself; and as she looked about her cheerless little room, so lonely now, she thought of the days when a kind mother had been near to lighten every duty; and joyous, merry children had been her companions in all childish sports. She hated the

tiresome flax now, but *then* the happiest days were spent in the great flax-fields, playing at "hide-and-seek" up and down the paths the reapers made. And when the summer showers came pelting down, how she would catch up her little sister Lisa and run home with her "pick-a-back," while neighbor Voscovitch's children laughed and shouted after her as she ran. Ah, those were happy days! But now mother and sister were gone! Only she and her father were left in the little home, and she had to work *so* hard! She did wish that her life was different; that she was not poor, lonely Katinka, the peasant maid, any more. Oh! why could she not be like the rich Lady Feodorovna instead, whose father, Count Vassilivitch, owned nearly all the houses and land from Tver to Torjok, and had more than three hundred serfs on his estate.

Now, Katinka's father, Ivan Rassaloff, was only an *istroatchick** (sneeze, my dears, and you can say it nicely), and owned nothing but a rickety old *drosky*† and Todeloff, a sturdy little Cossack pony, and drove travelers here and there for a few *kopek*‡ a trip. But he saved money, and Katinka helped him to earn more; and one of these days, when they could sell the beautiful lace flounce, on which she had been working during all her odd moments for three years, and which was very nearly finished, they would be rich indeed. Besides, the *isba* (cottage) was not really so bad, and it was all their own; and then there was always Dimitri to talk to, who surely seemed to understand everything she said. So a smile chased away the gathering frown, and this time she looked around the little room quite contentedly.

Shall I tell you what the *isba* was like, that you may know how the poor people live in Russia? It was built of *balks* (great beams or rafters), laid horizontally one above the other, the ends crossing at each corner of the building; and it had a pointed roof, somewhat like that of a Swiss *châlet*. Inside, the chinks were filled with moss and lime, to keep out the cold. It contained only one room; but a great canvas curtain hung from the roof, which by night divided the room in two, but by day was drawn aside.

There was a deal table, holding some earthenware pipkins, jars, and a *samorar* (tea-urn),—for even the poorest peasants have an urn, and drink tea at least three times a day; a deal settee, on which lay the winter store of flax; Katinka's distaff, and the curious candlestick which Russian peasants use. This is a tall wooden upright, fastened to a sort of trough, or hollowed log of birchwood, to keep it erect. To the top an iron crossbar is attached (which can be raised or lowered at

will), having at the end a small bowl containing oil and a floating wick, which burns brightly for several hours, and is easily lowered and refilled; while the wooden trough below catches the drip.

But the most curious thing in the room was the stove. It was made of sheet-iron, and very large, with a door at one end, into which whole logs of wood could be put at once; it was oblong, and flat on the top, like a great black trunk; and on this flat top, with the fire smoldering away beneath him, Ivan always slept at night in winter; and sometimes, when it was very cold, Katinka would bring her sheepskin blanket and sleep there too! Not one Russian *isba* in fifty contains a bed; when there is a large family, father, mother, and little children all crowd upon the top of the stove in winter, and in summer they roll themselves up in their blankets and sleep outside, by the door!

The lamp was lighted and shone brightly on Katinka, who made quite a pretty picture as she rested awhile from her work to speak to Dimitri. She wore a white chemise with very full, long sleeves, and over it a *sarafane* of red linen with a short boddice and shoulder straps of dark blue. On her head she had tied a gay-colored kerchief, to keep the dust of the flax from her glossy black hair, which hung in a single heavy braid far down her back. One of these days, if she should marry, she would have to divide it in two braids, and wear a kerchief always.

Her shoes were braided, in a kind of basket-work, of strips of birch-bark, very pliant and comfortable, though rather clumsy in appearance.

All the day Katinka had been thinking of something which Ivan had told her in the morning about their neighbor, Nicholas Paloffsky, and his poor, motherless little ones. The mother had been ill for a long, long time, and Nicholas had spent all he could earn in buying medicines and good food for her, but they could not save her life. Then, when she died, Nicholas was both father and mother to the little ones for months; but, at last, he too fell ill, and now there was no one to assist him.

Besides, he did not own his *isba*, and, if the rent were not paid the very next day, the *starosta* (landlord) would turn him and his little ones out-of-doors, bitter winter though it was.

That was fearful! But what could she do to help him? Suddenly there flashed across her mind a thought of her beautiful lace flounce, on which she had worked till she loved every thread of it, and in whose meshes she had woven many a bright fancy about the spending of the silver roubles that would be hers when she sold it. She had intended to buy a scarlet *cusackan* (jacket) with gold em-

* *Drosky*-driver, or cab-man.

† *Drosky*, or *droitschka*, a four-wheeled pleasure carriage.

‡ A *kopek* is a coin worth about a cent of American money.

broi
his p
ride.

hasto
breac
stew

while
to co

But
day h
of To
self w
tient
had c
silk g
ing h

broidery, and a new drosky for her father, so that his passengers might give him more kopecks for a ride. But other plans came to her mind now.

Just then, Ivan came home hungry; and as she hastened to prepare his supper of tea and black bread and raw carrots, and a kind of mushroom stewed in oil, she almost forgot neighbor Nicholas

hands, and a silver crucifix hanging from his girdle, who, on reaching the church to which he bade Ivan drive quickly, gave him his blessing—and nothing more! So Ivan's pockets were empty, and the pony must go without his supper, unless Katinka had some dried fish for him.

Katinka, who had a tender heart for all animals,



KATINKA AND DIMITRI.

while waiting on her father, who was always so glad to come home to her and his snug, warm room.

But to-night, for a wonder, he was cross. All day he had waited in the cold, bleak public square of Torjok, beating his arms and feet to keep himself warm; and occasionally, I fear, beating his patient little pony for the same reason. Not a "fare" had come near him, except a fat priest, in a purple silk gown and broad-brimmed hat, with long, flowing hair and beard, a gold-mounted staff in his

carried a great bowlful of fish out to Todeloff, who nibbled it eagerly; for ponies in Russia, especially those that are brought from Iceland, consider dried fish a great delicacy, and in winter often live on it for weeks together. Then she gave him a "good-night kiss" on the little white spot on his nose, and he whispered, "Now I don't mind the beatings I had to day!"—at least I think he must have meant to say that when he whinnied so close to her ear.

When she went back to the house, Ivan was already wrapped up in his sheep-skin blanket on top of the stove, and snoring lustily; so she lowered the curtain and crept softly into her little corner behind it. But she could not sleep, for her mind was disturbed by thoughts of neighbor Nicholas, whose little ones perhaps were hungry; and at last she arose, filled and lighted the tall lamp, then unrolled her precious founce, and worked steadily at it till, when morning came, only one little sprig remained undone, and her doubts as to what she should do with it were dispelled in the bright sunlight.

After breakfast, which she made ready as briskly as though she had slept soundly all night, she said:

"Father, let me be your first fare to-day, and perhaps I may bring you good luck. Will you drive me to the Lady Feodorovna's?"

"What in the world do you want there, Katinka?" said her father, wonderingly.

"To ask if she will buy my lace," said Katinka. "She has so many beautiful dresses, surely she will find a place on one for my founce."

"Ha!" said Ivan, "then we will have a feast. You shall make a cake of white flour and honey, and we will not eat 'black-brod' for a month! But what will we do with so much money, my child?"

Katinka hesitated a moment; then said, shyly: "Pay Nicholas Palofsky's rent, and send the Torkok doctor to cure him. May I, father?" she added, entreatingly, forgetting that the money would be her own.

"Hum-m-m!" said Ivan; "we shall see. But go now and prepare for your drive, for Todcloff does not like to wait."

Katinka was soon ready. With her sheep-skin jacket, hat and boots, she did not fear the cold; and mounting the drosky, they drove rapidly toward Count Vassilivitch's beautiful home, not fearing to leave their little isba alone, for the neighbors all were honest, and, besides, there was nothing to steal!

A drive of four versts (about three miles) brought them to their journey's end, and Katinka's heart beat anxiously as the old drosky rattled up through the court-yard to the grand hall-door; but she went bravely up to the fine porter, and asked to see Lady Feodorovna.

"*Bosja moia!*" (bless me) "what do you want with my lady?" asked the gorgeous Russ who, in his crimson and gold livery, serf though he was, looked scornfully down on free Katinka, in her poor little sheep-skin jacket.

I think Katinka would scarcely have found courage to answer him, but, luckily, his lady crossed the hall just then, and seeing Katinka, kindly

beckoned her to enter, leading the way to her own especial apartment.

"What do you wish with me?" she asked, kindly. But Katinka was too bewildered by the splendor on every side to answer as she should.

Truly it appeared like fairy-land to the young peasant maid. The room was long and very lofty; the ceiling, one great beautiful picture; the floor had no carpet, but was inlaid with different kinds of wood in many curious patterns; the walls were covered with blue flowered silk, on which mirrors and lovely pictures were hung alternately; while beautiful statues, and luxurious couches covered with blue damask, added to the elegance and comfort of the room.

There was no big, clumsy stove to be seen (for in the houses of the rich, in a recess in each room, is a kind of oven, in which a great wood fire is allowed to smolder all day), but a delicious feeling of warmth prevailed, and a soft, sweet perfume floated on the air.

At last, Katinka's eyes rested on the fair lady in her soft, fleecy gown of white (for even in winter Russian ladies wear the thinnest summer dresses in the house), and she said, softly:

"I think this is heaven, and surely you are like an angel!"

"Not an angel," said Lady Feodorovna, smiling, "but perhaps a good fairy. Have you a wish, pretty maid?"

"Indeed, yes," replied Katinka. "I wish, wish (for you must always make a wish to a fairy three times) you would buy my lace founce. See!"—and she unrolled it hurriedly from out the clean linen cloth in which it was wrapped. "It is fair and white, though I have worked on it for three years, and it is all finished but this one little sprig. I could not wait for that; I want the money so much. Will you buy it?"

"What is the price?" asked the lady, who saw that it was indeed a beautiful piece of work.

"Ninety roubles" (about seventy-five dollars), said Katinka, almost in a whisper, as if she feared to name so great a sum aloud, though she knew the lace was worth it.

"Why, what will you do with so many roubles?" asked the lady, not curiously, but in such a good-fairy way, that Katinka said:

"Surely I need not fear to tell you. But it is a long story. Will you kindly listen to it all?"

"Yes, gladly; sit here," and Feodorovna pointed to one of the beautiful blue couches, on the extreme edge of which Katinka sat down timidly, making a very funny picture in her gray sheep-skin jacket and scarlet gown. "Now tell me, first, your name."

"Katinka Rassaloff, *barishna* (lady), daughter

of Iv
lives
and
a day
yet
day,
cries
to hel
they
no h
for th
them
Wi

went t
a tiny
to her
laid th
"T
Are yo
Kati
kissed
face th
"H
you m
Kati
of the
who ha

of Ivan, peasants from beyond Torjok. Beside us lives a good man, Nicholas Paloffsky, who is ill and so poor. He has four little children, and many a day I have divided my supper with them, and yet I fear they are often hungry. The baby cries all day, for there is no mother to care for it, and the cries trouble the poor father, who can do nothing to help. Besides, unless the rent is paid to-morrow, they must leave their isba. Think of that, lady!—no home in this bitter winter weather! no shelter for the baby! Ah, buy my lace, that I may help them!" replied Katinka, earnestly.

Without speaking, Lady Feodorovna rose and

that he could not get it shut in time to say a word, but opened his eyes instead to keep it company, and stood looking after her till she was seated in the drosky. Then Ivan "flicked" Todeloff, who kicked up his heels and rattled out of the courtyard in fine style. When they were out of sight, the porter found he could say "*bosja moja*" again, so he said it; and feeling much relieved, was gradually getting back to his usual dignified manner, when his lady came tripping down the stairs, wrapped in a beautiful long sable mantle, bidding him order her sledge, and one for her maid, to be brought to the door at once.



ON THE WAY TO POLOFFSKY'S COTTAGE.

went to a beautiful cabinet, unlocked the door with a tiny gold key, which was suspended by a chain to her girdle, took out a roll of silver roubles, and laid them in Katinka's lap.

"There," said she, "are one hundred roubles. Are you content?"

Katinka took the soft white hand in hers and kissed it, while such a happy smile lighted up her face that the "good fairy" needed no other answer.

"Hasten away, Katinka," she said; "perhaps you may see me soon again."

Katinka courtesied deeply, then almost flew out of the great hall-door, so startling the grand porter, who had his mouth wide open ready to scold her,

When the sledges were brought, Lady Feodorovna entered hers and drew the soft, white bearskin robe around her, while her maid threw over her fur hood a fine, fleecy scarf of white wool. Then the maid put numberless packages, small and great, into the foot of the other sledge, leaving only just room to put herself in afterward.

While they are waiting there, I must tell you what Lady Feodorovna's sledge was like. It was built something like our "one seat Boston cutters," except that the back was higher, with a carved wooden ornament on top; there was no "dash-board," but the runners came far up in a curve at the front, and where they joined was another splen-

did ornament of wood gilded, and surmounted by a gilded eagle with outspread wings.

The body of the sledge was of rosewood, and in the front was a beautiful painting of Cupid, the little "love-god," and his mamma. The other sledge, which had a silver swan at the front, was not quite so fine, though the shape was the same.

There were no horses to draw these sledges, but behind each stood a servant in fur jacket, cap and boots, with a pair of skates hung over his shoulder.

"I wish to go to the isba of Paloffsky, the peasant, beyond Torjok; we will go the shorter way, by the river," said Lady Feodorovna. "Hasten!"

Then the servants each gave a great push, and the sledges started off so quickly and lightly down the slope to the river that they could scarcely keep up with them. When they reached the banks of the Blankow, which flowed past the Count's grounds, and was frozen over for miles, the servants stooped and put on their skates, binding them by long straps over their feet and round and round their ankles. Then they started down the river, and, oh! how they flew! while the sledges, with their gorgeous birds, fairly sparkled in the sunlight.

Sooner almost than I can tell it they had reached their journey's end; the skates were unstrapped, and the sledges drawn up the bank to the door of the little isba, which Lady Feodorovna entered, followed by the maid with the bundles.

A sad picture met their eyes. Poor Nicholas sat on a bench by the stove, wrapped up in his sheepskin blanket, looking so pale and thin that he scarcely seemed alive; on his knee lay the hungry baby, biting his little fist because he had nothing else to bite, while on the floor beside him sat a little three-year-old fellow crying bitterly, whom a sad little elder sister was trying to comfort.

Nicholas looked up as the door opened, but did not speak, as the strange lady advanced, and bade her maid open the packages and put their contents on the table. How the children stared! The little one stopped crying and crept up to the table, followed shyly by his sister. Then the maid put a dainty white bread roll in each little hand. Then she took the baby gently from off the poor, tired father's knee, and gave it spoonful after spoonful of sweet, pure milk, till its little pinched cheeks seemed fairly to grow full and rosy, and it gave a satisfied little "coo—o," that would have done your hearts good to hear.

Meanwhile, Lady Feodorovna went up to Nicholas and said, softly:

"Look at your little ones! they are happy now! Can you not rouse up and drink this good bowl of soup? It is warm yet, and will do you good. Drink, then I will tell you some good news."

Nicholas took the bowl which she held toward him, but his hand trembled so that it would have fallen if she had not herself held it to his lips. As he tasted the warm, nourishing soup, new life seemed to come to him, and he grasped the bowl eagerly, drinking till the last drop was gone, then, looking up with a grateful smile, he said, simply:

"Ah! we were so hungry, my little ones and I! Thanks, *barishna*."

"Now for my good news!" said the lady.

"Here is the money for your rent; and here are ten roubles more, for clothes for your little ones. The food there is sufficient for to-day; to-morrow I will send you more. Do not thank me," she added, as Nicholas tried to speak; "you must thank Katinka Rassaloff for it all."

Just then a great noise was heard outside, and little Todeloff came prancing merrily up to the door, shaking his head and rattling the little bells on his *douga* (the great wooden arch that all Russian horses have attached to their collars), as proudly as if he had the finest drosky in all St. Petersburg behind him.

Katinka jumped quickly down, and entering the little isba, stood fairly speechless at seeing Lady Feodorovna, whom she had left so shortly before in her own beautiful home.

"Ah, Katinka! I have stolen a march on you," said the good fairy. "There is nothing you can do here."

"Is there not?" said Katinka. "See! here is the *starosta's* receipt for a year's rent, and there," turning toward the door as a venerable old man entered, "is the Torjok doctor, who has come to make neighbor Nicholas well."

I must tell you what the doctor was like. He wore a long, fur coat with wide sleeves, fur boots, and a great pair of fur gloves, so that he looked almost like a big bear standing up. He wore queer blue spectacles, and from under a little black velvet cap, long, silky, white hair fell over his shoulders, and his white beard nearly reached to his waist.

The doctor walked up to Nicholas, put his hands on his knees, stooped and looked gravely at him, then rising, turned sharply to Katinka, saying:

"There is no sick one here! Why did you bring me so far for nothing? But it is two roubles, all the same."

"Here are the roubles," said Katinka, "and I am very glad we do not want you;" which was not at all polite of her.

Then, too, Ivan had driven off in search of passengers, so the poor doctor had to walk nearly a verst (about three-fourths of a mile), through the snow, back to Torjok, which made him growl like a real bear all the way.

Katinka went shyly up to Nicholas, who was frowning crossly at her, and said :

"Are you angry with me? Do not frown so, I beg. Well, frown if you will! the children do not, and I did it all for them; I love them!" and she caught up baby Demetrius and buried her face in his curly hair to hide a tear that would come; for she felt grieved that Nicholas did not thank her, even with a smile, for what she had done.

When she looked up Lady Feodorovna and her maid were gone, and Nicholas stood before her holding little Noviska by one hand, while two-year-old Tottleben (that is a real Russian name, though perhaps you did not know it), clung to his knee.

"Katinka," said Nicholas, gently, "now I can thank you with all my heart, though I cannot find words to speak my thanks. Let the children kiss you for it all; that is best."

Katinka kissed the children heartily, then she put down the baby and opened the door, but Nich-

Then Katinka hastened to brush her pretty hair, and put on her best *sarafane* (dress), with the scarlet embroidered boddice and straps, and was all ready when Ivan came in, to tell him of their invitation, and help him make his toilet.

"I must have my hair cut," said Ivan, seating himself on a bench, while Katinka tied a band around his head, fastening it over his forehead, then got a great pair of shears and cut his hair straight round by the band. (Even the barbers always cut by these bands, and I do not think one of them could have done it better.) Then, like a good little Russian daughter that she was, Katinka took a bit of tallow candle and rubbed it on her father's hair to keep it smooth, belted down his gray flannel blouse, and handed him his sheepskin jacket, with a hint that it was high time for them to be off.

When the guests entered his *isba*, Nicholas kissed Ivan,—for that is always the custom be-



THE FEAST.

olas's face was sober then, though his eyes still smiled as he said :

"Come back to tea, Katinka, and bring Ivan also, and our young neighbor Alexis, who often is hungry, we will have a feast of all these good things."

"*Horro sha*" (very well), said Katinka, then ran quickly home.

Dimitri met her at the door, crying piteously.

"Poor pussy!" cried Katinka; "you have had nothing to eat all day! What a shame!"

"Miauw!" said Dimitri to that.

"Never mind, pussy; you shall have all my supper, and father's too, for we are invited out to tea, so must not eat anything now."

"Miauw, miauw," said pussy to that, and scampered away to his bowl to be all ready for his fish, and milk, and sour cabbage soup (think of that for a puss! but he liked it), that he knew was coming.

tween Russian men who are friends,—then he called to Alexis :

"Heads up, my boy! and help me with the supper."

Alexis, who was turning somersaults in his joy, came right side up with a spring, and soon the feast was on the table, and the four wooden benches drawn up around it.

Ivan and Nicholas had each a bench for himself; Alexis sat beside Katinka, while Noviska and Tottleben were placed on the remaining bench.

Katinka had wrapped baby Demetrius up in his little lamb-skin blanket, and laid him on the top of the stove, where he fell asleep while she was patting his soft cheek.

What appetites they all had! and how quickly the good things disappeared! wine-soup and grouse; cheese-cakes and honey; white rolls and sweet cream cakes ("Charlotte de Russe" perhaps—what

do *you* think?) vanished almost as if by magic, till at last there was only a bowl of cream left. Alexis—who had acted as waiter, removing all the empty dishes in turn—placed this in the middle of the table, giving to each one a birch-wood spoon and refilling the *glasses* with tea; then he sat down by Katinka again at the plain uncovered table.

(Do you know anything about Russian tea, children? It is made very strong and is drunk always from glasses instead of cups, and so hot that it would bring tears from the eyes of any one but a Russian. Milk is not used; a slice of lemon instead floats on the top. Sugar is never put in the glass, but tea-drinkers hold a lump between their teeth, and then drink the tea through the sugar! Even very little children are given strong tea to drink as

soon as they have teeth to hold the sugar, and they seem to thrive on it.)

There was much to talk about. Nicholas had a very, very hard time in persuading Katinka to take the rent money which the grand lady had left, and which he protested he no longer needed, since the landlord was paid, and he already felt well enough to work. Katinka, in her turn, had to laugh at the jokes of Alexis, who was really a funny boy when he was not hungry; Tottleben had to sing a funny little child-song; and Ivan had to tell Nicholas of Todeloff's wonderful ways.

And here we must leave them—a happy, grateful party, though Nicholas still looked pale and feeble, and the company-boy had eaten so tremendously that Ivan still was staring at him with astonishment.

BUDGE'S STORY OF THE CENTENNIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."



H, Toddie,—where *do* you think I've been? I've been to the Centennial! Papa woke me up when it was all dark, and we rode in railroad-cars and horse-cars before it was light; that's the way *men* do, Tod, an' it's lots of fun. My! did n't I do lots of railroad-riding before I got to the Centennial! An' all along the road I saw piles of big sticks laid crosswise ever so nice,

so they looked just like the picture in the big Bible of the altar that Abraham put Isaac on, you know, and I thought they *was* altars, an' after I thought about what lots of little boys there must be going to be burned up in that country, and asked papa about it, he said they was n't altars at all, but only just piles of railroad ties—was n't it too bad! And I crossed the Delaware at Trenton, too, just like George Washington, but 't was n't a bit like the pictures in the history-book that papa reads out of, and nobody there had on hats a bit like Washington's.

But I tell *you* the Centennial was nice; every little while we'd come right up to a place where they sold pop-corn balls, and they made 'em as

easy—why, a little thing went down, an' a little thing came up, and there was a pop-corn ball all in a second. An' then they made people pay five cents for 'em! I think 't was real mean; I work a hundred times that much for a penny when I keep my clothes clean all day.

But, oh, if you only could see the big engine in Machinery Hall! I don't see how the Lord *could* do more than *that* engine; it turns all sorts of wheels and machines, an' don't make a bit of noise about it, an' it don't ever get tired. An' the water—my! if *we* lived in Machinery Hall I guess papa would n't ever scold us for leaving faucets open an' wastin' water, for there's dozens of great big pipes that don't do anything but spout out water. An' there was a whole lot of locomotives, but they had n't any men in 'em, so you could walk around 'em an' look at 'em without anybody sizzin' steam out at you.

An' do you know, papa says all the steam-engines and locomotives in the world began by a little Watts boy playing with the tea-kettle on his mamma's stove; he saw that when there got to be a lot of steam inside of the kettle, it pushed the top up, an' that little boy thought to himself, Why could n't steam push up something that was useful? But if we was to go in the kitchen an' see what the tea-

kettle would do, then Bridget would say, "Ah, go 'way an' don't ye be meddlin' wid fins." I guess the world was a nicer place for boys when that little Watts boy was alive.

I was awful disappointed at the Centennial, though; I thought there'd be lots of color there, cos my centennial garters is *all* color,—red, an' white, an' blue, an' nothin' else but Inja-rubber, but the houses was most all just the color of mud-pies, except Aggerycultural Hall, an' the top of that was only green, an' I don't think that's a very pretty color. It was nicer inside of the houses, though; there was one of them that papa said had more than twenty-two miles of walks in it; I guess there was, cos we was in it more than an hour, an' *such* funny things! You ought to see a mummy, Tod,—I guess you would n't ever want to die after *that*, but papa said their spirits was n't in 'em any more,—I should n't think they would be, if they wanted to look nice. You know mamma's opal ring?—well, papa lifted me up and showed me the biggest opal in the world, and 't was nearly as pretty as the inside of our big sea-shell.

I know what *you'd* have liked,—there was a picture of Goliath, an' David had chopped his head off an' he was a-holdin' it up,—I think he *ought* to have had his head chopped off if he looked as horrid as that. An' I saw Circe, and the pigs all squealing to her to turn 'em back into men again,—I really believe I *heard* 'em squeal,—an' Circe just sat there lookin' like Bridget does when she wont give us more cake. It made me feel *dreadful* to think there was men inside of those pigs.

But what bothered *me* was, every once in a while we would come to a place where they sold cakes, an' then papa would hurry right past; I kept showing him the cakes, but he would go along, and he did just the same thing at the places where they made candy, only he stopped at one place where they was making chocolate candy, an' grindin' the chocolate all up so that it looked like mud, an' he said, "*Is n't* that disgustin'?" Well, it *did n't* look *very* nice.

There was a whole lot of things from Egypt, where Joseph and Moses lived, you know, and all around the wall was pictures of houses in Egypt, an' I asked papa which of 'em Pharaoh lived in, an' then two or three people close to us looked at me an' laughed out loud, an' I asked papa what they laughed for, an' he said he guessed it was because I talked so loud; I *do* think little boys have an awful lot of bothers in this world, an' big people are real ugly to 'em; but papa took me away from them, an' I got some candy at last, an' I think 't was about time.

Then we saw lots of animals, an' birds, an' fishes, only they was n't alive, an' I was walkin' along

thinkin' that I wished we could see somebody we knew, when all of a sudden I saw a turtle, just like ours. I just screamed right out, an' I liked to have cried, I was so glad. That was in the Gov'ment Building, I believe papa called it; an' I saw all the kinds of things they kill people with in wars, an' a man on a horse that was just like papa was when he was a soldier,—I guess you would n't want to run up to *him* an' ask him what he'd brought you, he looked so awful. An' just outside the door of that house was a big 'god like the heathens make an' pray to. I should think they *would* keep him out-of-doors, he was so awful ugly—why, I would n't say my prayers to him if I did n't *ever* get anything. I asked papa if the god was standin' there while he made a heaven for himself, an' papa said I'd have to ask Mr. Huxley about that; I *don't* know any Mr. Huxley, do you?

Then we saw the Japanese things,—I knew *them* right away, cos they always look like things that you don't ever see anywhere else. One of the things was a man sittin' on a cow, an' papa read a card hangin' on it—"Shoki, punisher ofimps and bad boys," an' then he said, "You'd better behave yourself, Budge, for that old chap is looking for *you*." I did n't think he looked *shockey* a bit, an' I just told papa so, and then a lady laughed an' said I was a smart boy, as if it was anything very smart not to be afraid of a little old iron man on an iron cow!

You just ought to see how people looks inside of 'em; I saw some people that was cutted open, only they was n't real people, but just made of mortar. You'd just get tired to see what lots of funny places bread an' butter an' apples have to go in us before they turn into little boy, and how there's four little boxes in our hearts that keep openin' an' shuttin' lots of times every minute without the hinges ever comin' loose an' lettin' the covers drop off, like they do in our toy-boxes.

You never saw such lots of pictures; there was rooms, an' rooms, an' rooms, an' each one of them was as lovely as Mr. Brown's barn was when the circus pictures was all over it. There was one big picture that papa said was all about a lady named Cornaro, that was stole away from her home, and the people that stole her tried to make her happy by givin' her nice things, but the picture looked so much like a lovely big rug that I wanted to get up there an' lie down an' roll on it. An' then there was the *awfullest* picture of a whole lot of little boys—not so very little, either—that was crucified to keep the Lord from bein' angry. I tell *you*, I just said a little prayer right away, an' told the Lord that I was glad I was n't a little boy then, if that was the kind of things they done to 'em. I guess I know what people mean now, when they say

they've got the blues, cos that dreadful picture was blue all over.

I think comin' home was about as nice as anything, though, cos boys kept comin' through the cars with bananas, an' figs, an' peanuts, an' apples, an' cakes, an' papa bought me everything I wanted, an' a lovely lady sat in the seat with us an' told about a picture of Columbus's sailors kneelin' down an' beggin' him to forgive 'em for bein' so bad, just like mamma reads to us out of the history-book. An' then another lady sat in the seat with us, but she was n't so nice, cos she said "Sonton-nial,"—I think big folks ought to know how to talk plainer than that. An' papa said he'd go out a minute or two, an' I was thinkin' what a great traveler I was gettin' to be, an' how I knew most everything now I'd been to the Centennial, an' how I was smart enough to be a big man right away, an' what lots of things I'd do, and how I'd have every-

thing nice I wanted to, like big men do, when all at once I got afraid we'd gone off an' left papa, an' then I got to be a little boy right away again, an' I cried, an' when papa got back I just jumped in his lap an' thought I'd rather stay a little boy.

I'm awful sorry you was n't there, too, Tod, but papa said such a little boy as you could n't do so much walkin'. An' I asked papa when there'd be one that you'd be big enough to go to, and he said, "Not for a hundred years." Gracious Peter! I knew you'd be dead before then. But you'll see a centennial even if you die, cos the Lord has everything nice in heaven, an' centennials are nice, so there'll be lots of 'em there, an' you wont get tired a bit lookin' at 'em, an' I don't believe the *angels* 'll laugh at you when you say things, an' you wont be dragged past all the cake and candy places, so I guess you'll have a good time, even if you was n't with us.

THE STARS FOR JANUARY.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is very pleasant to know the stars—to be able, like Milton's hermit, to

"Sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show."

And it is not at all difficult to learn all the chief star-groups,—or constellations, as they are called,—if only the learner goes properly to work. Perhaps I ought rather to say, if the *teacher* goes properly to work. I remember, when I was a boy about twelve years old, being very much perplexed by the books of astronomy, and the star-charts, from which I tried to learn the stars. There was "Bonny-castle's Astronomy," with a very pretty picture of one constellation,—Andromeda,—in which, if one looked very carefully, one could perceive stars, though these were nearly lost in the carefully shaded picture of the Chained Lady herself. Another book which I found in my father's library showed a series of neat pictures of all the chief constellations, but gave no clear information as to their whereabouts. And the charts which I found

were not at all easy to understand, being, in fact, the usual star-charts, which give no information



FIG. 1.

whatever about the places of star-groups *on the sky* of any place or at any time. So that it was only by

working my way from the Great Bear to constellations close by it, then to others close by these, and so on, that I slowly learned the chief star-groups. The object of the series of maps which are now about to be given, month by month (in pairs), is to remove this difficulty for the young astronomers of America. The maps are made specially for America, and for the particular month to which each pair belongs. For instance, they would not be right for London (as, indeed, some writing on each map shows); nor would the January maps which appear in the present number of this magazine be of the least use for June or July.

The two maps printed on pages 168 and 169 show what stars can be seen toward the north, and what stars toward the south, at a certain convenient hour during every night in January. This hour varies, night by night. On January 1st, the hour at which the stars shown in these maps can be seen in the position shown will be about a quarter past nine in the evening; on January 2, about eleven minutes past nine; on January 3, about seven minutes past nine, and so on earlier and earlier each night: on January 5, at nine; January 8, at a quarter to nine; January 12, half past eight; January 16, a quarter past eight; January 20, eight o'clock; January 23, a quarter to eight; January 27, half past seven; and January 31, a quarter past seven.

Before describing the maps for the month, it will be well for me to note that the black part of each map shows the sky as it would be seen (toward the north in Map I., toward the south in Map II.) by observers living in Philadelphia or in the same latitude. This is nearly correct (quite sufficiently so for the purpose of these maps) for New York, St. Louis, Washington, Cincinnati, and all places on or nearly on the same latitude as any of those cities. The horizon for Boston, Chicago, and other places nearly in that latitude, is shown *below* the horizon of Philadelphia in the northern map, and above that horizon in the southern map. The horizon for Louisville, and places nearly in the same latitude, is shown *above* the horizon of Philadelphia in the northern map, and *below* that horizon in the southern map. The horizon of New Orleans forms the lower limit of the southern map, and is seen in the northern map high above the horizon of Boston. Lastly, to show the young American astronomer how notably American skies differ from English, the horizon of London is shown below the lower limit of the northern map, and high above the

horizon of Boston in the southern map. The point overhead, of course, varies just as the horizon varies. Its position for Philadelphia and Boston is shown in each map; its position for London (England) in the northern map, and for New Orleans in the southern.

In each map the Latin names of the constellations are given; but in the description of each map the English names will be given, and a few remarks on each constellation. The Greek letters used by astronomers are also given; and the young learner who may not happen to know the Greek alphabet, will do well to learn the names of the Greek letters, as follows:

α is called Alpha	ν is called Nu
β " Bêta	ξ " Xi
γ " Gamma	\omicron " Omicron
δ " Delta	π " Pi
ϵ " Epsilon	ρ " Rho
ζ " Zêta	σ " Sigma
η " Eta	τ " Tau
θ " Thêta	υ " Upsilon
ι " Îôta	ϕ " Phi
κ " Kappa	χ " Chi (Ki)
λ " Lambda	ψ " Psi
μ " Mu	ω " Omêga

Most of the bright stars have proper names, chiefly derived from the Arabic. Many of these will be mentioned as our survey proceeds.

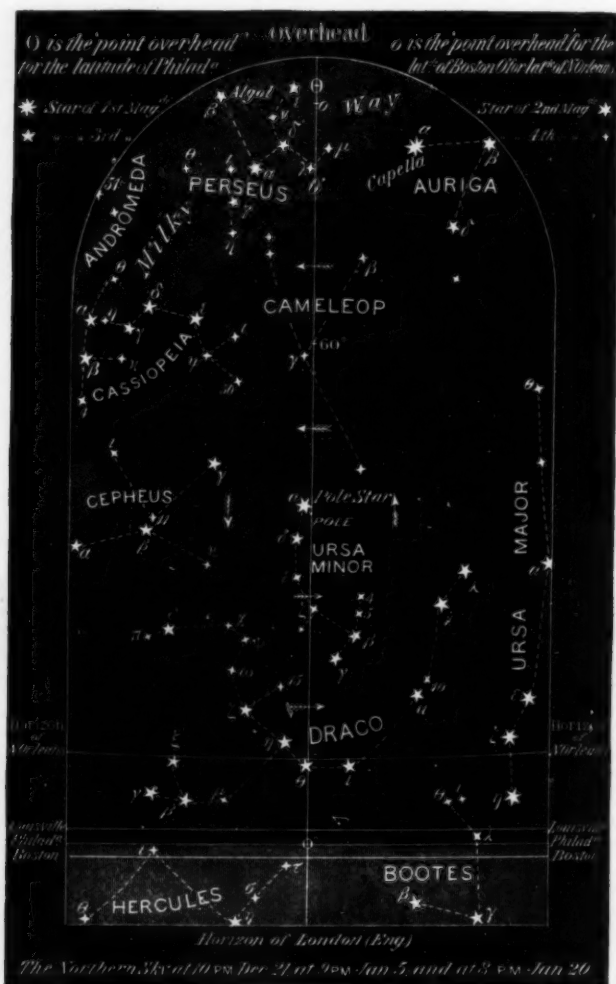


FIG. 3.

Looking northward, we see that Draco, "the dragon," has usurped the region due north immediately under Ursa Minor, the "little bear." The full proportions of the dragon are now clearly and conveniently shown, except in the southern parts of the United States,—for the horizon of New

Orleans conceals from view the two bright stars γ and β , which anciently formed the head of the great monster. In those modern maps which show the constellation figures, the dragon is represented differently, and generally somewhat as in Fig. 1 (knots and all). But you cannot *imagine* the stars

of familiar objects out of the stars; but this is certainly a mistake, for I know that when I was a lad, and before I had learned to associate the stars with the constellations at present in use, I used to imagine among the stars the figures of such objects as I was most familiar with. In the constellation of



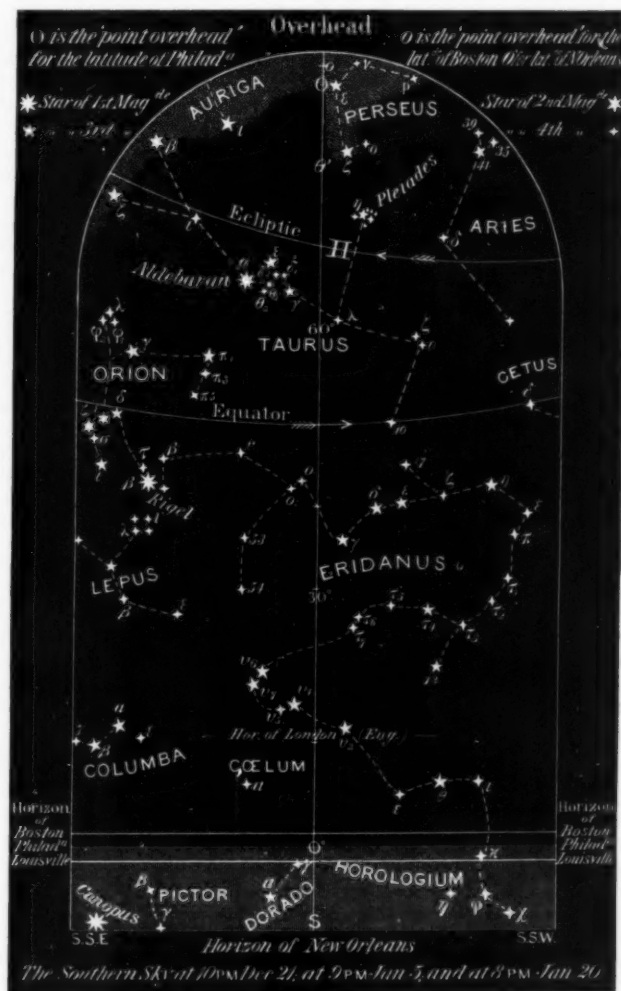
to form a dragon, or snake, in that way. Now we may be sure that the ancients, when they called a group of stars by any name, really imagined some resemblance between the star-group and the figure after which they named it. I have heard it said that the liveliest imagination cannot form figures

the Swan, I saw a capital kite (it is there to this day). In the Great Bear, I saw the figure of a toy very common at that time in England, representing a monkey that passed over the top of a pole. The three stars forming the handle of the Dipper (η , ζ , and ϵ) made the tail of the monkey; and if you

over to
pent
curved
No do
of the
way, a
V

look at the Dipper in the position it now occupies in the early evening, you will readily see the figure of a climbing monkey. In Perseus I could see a garland of flowers such as my sisters used to make. Orion was a climbing giant when rising, but took the attitude of a giant going down hill as he passed

groups really seemed pictured in the heavens. Add to this the consideration that it would not be among the stars overhead, but among those toward the horizon, that they would imagine such shapes, and I think we can understand where and how they saw a dragon in the stars shown in the lower part of our



over to the west. In the Serpent-Bearer and Serpent I saw a monstrous sword, shaped like the curved saber which Saladin wielded; and so forth. No doubt, in the infancy of astronomy, or perhaps of the world itself, men were fanciful in the same way, and the figures they assigned to the star-

northern map. It was not such a nondescript as Fig. 1 which they saw, but a really snake-like figure; and, for my own part, I have no doubt whatever that the stars β and γ were the eyes of the dragon they imagined, and that its head was pictured in their imagination somewhat as shown in

Fig. 2.* On referring to the northern map, you will see that I have borrowed a star from Hercules to make the snake's head complete. But that does not trouble my mind in the least. The idea of separating the constellations one from another was a much later one than that of merely naming the more remarkable star-groups. If one set of stars seemed to resemble any object, and another set to resemble another object, I think the corresponding names would have been given even though some stars of one set were included within the other set. In fact, I think this very constellation of the Dragon seems to me to show that our modern constellation figures have been largely reduced in extent. When I look northward at the Dragon placed as in the northern map, I see not a mere snake with his head as in Fig. 2, but a monstrous winged serpent, as in Fig. 3; only, to make the figure complete, I have to take in a large piece from the Little Bear. The stars thus borrowed make a great wing for the dragon; the stars ω , ψ , 15, etc., of the dragon make another wing; and the neck, body, and tail run from ζ through η , θ , ι and α to λ .

You may, perhaps, think that it matters very little what figures the ancients really imagined among the stars. But you will be disposed to think differently when I mention that the supposed want of resemblance *now* between the star-groups and the figures assigned to them, has led some to form the bold idea that there was *once* a strong resemblance, but that some stars have gone out, others have shone forth more strongly or are altogether new, and that thus the resemblance has been destroyed. When we remember that our sun is only one among the vast number of suns, it becomes rather a serious matter for the inhabitants of the earth if so many suns have really changed. For, in that case, our sun may soon change in his turn, and either broil us up with excess of heat, or leave us to perish miserably from extremity of cold. However, I think the explanation which I have given shows that the resemblance formerly imagined still remains, and that it is only because modern astronomy has docked the dimensions of the old figures that they no longer correspond with their names.

Above the Dragon we see the Lesser Bear, the two guardians of the pole, β and γ , having swung round a little past the lowest part of their circuit. Approaching the north from the left are the stars of Cepheus, which will in a month or two be more favorably placed for study. Notice the glory of the "milky way" overhead. Looking that way, also, the very bright star Capella will attract your notice. It belongs to the constellation Auriga, or "the

charioteer." There is a nearly vacant space between Auriga and Ursa Minor, which seems to show that in that direction the system of stars to which our sun belongs is not so richly strewn with suns as elsewhere. And although, when a telescope is turned toward this region, hundreds and thousands of stars are brought into view, yet not nearly so many are seen as when the same telescope is directed toward Perseus or Cassiopeia.

And now turning our back upon the pole-star, let us look toward the south. A month ago, the "great whale," Cetus, occupied the greater part of the southern mid-sky; but now (at the same hours) that constellation has passed away westward (where it can still be seen), and the mighty river Eridanus occupies nearly the whole space between the equator and the southern horizon. This constellation is a great deal too large; it has not room to turn itself. Observe how poor Bayer (the astronomer who first gave to the stars of each constellation the letters of the Greek alphabet) was perplexed by the large number of stars he had to deal with. There are seven Taus (in reality there are nine, but the other two are small), and five Upsilon's are shown (out of seven), while several stars which ought to have received their proper Greek letters, have been only numbered.

Above Eridanus is the fine constellation Taurus, or "the bull," belonging to the zodiacal twelve which mark the road-way of the sun and planets. The sun's path, or ecliptic, is marked on the map, the portion shown being that which he traverses in May and June. The symbol II represents the sign of "the twins," the sun entering that sign, on his course toward the left shown by the arrow, about the 21st of May—which is, therefore, *not* the time to look for Taurus or the Pleiades, seeing that the sun is shining in the midst of their region of the heavens. The sign of Gemini, or "the twins," used formerly to agree with the constellation of "the twins," but now, as the map shows, falls upon Taurus.

The group of stars called the Pleiades is one of the most interesting objects in the heavens. In former times they were thought to exert very important influences on the weather, probably because when the sun was in Taurus, which then corresponded with the end of April, it was a time when all nature seemed to spring into activity. Admiral Smyth says that the passage in Job, translated, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" etc., should be rendered thus:

"Canst thou shut up the delightful teemings of Chimah?
Or the contractions of Chesil canst thou open?"

* Aratus, in describing the constellations, speaks of the Dragon as "with eyes oblique retorted, that askant cast gleaming fire."

Chimah representing Taurus, or the constellation occupied by the sun (in Job's time) in spring (April and May); while Chesil is not Orion, but Scorpio, the constellation which in Job's time was occupied by the sun in autumn (October and November). It is interesting to notice the ancients thus regarding the stellar influences, as exerted, not when the stars in question are visible in the night-time, but when their rays are combined with those of the sun, which also was the way in which astrologers regarded the stars. Taurus now shines highest in the skies at midnight toward the end of November; but in Job's time, six or seven weeks earlier. Hesiod, speaking of their return to the night skies after being lost in the sun's rays, which in his day would be in early autumn, says:

"There is a time when forty days they lie,
And forty nights, conceal'd from human eye;
But in the course of the revolving year,
When the swain sharpens the scythe, again appear."

With the telescope, more than two hundred stars can be seen in this group. To ordinary vision, six only are said to be visible. Yet many persons see seven, not a few can see nine or ten, and Kepler tells us that Moestlin could count no less than fourteen stars, without telescopic aid.

The bright and somewhat ruddy star Aldebaran is in the head of "the bull," formed by the closely clustering group between Aldebaran, ϵ and γ . This group is called the Hyades, from a Greek word signifying rain, the influence of these stars being considered showery. The two stars β and ζ form the tips of the bull's horns.

Facing the bull, we see on the left the glorious constellation Orion. But this constellation is far too important to be dealt with in the short space now left me; and therefore I must defer my account of this splendid group to next month, when, at the hours selected for our evening observations, he shines in full glory upon the meridian.

HIS OWN MASTER.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER V

PINKY MAKES A SUDDEN MOVE.

THE pleasant excitement of the auction passed with the afternoon, and with the approach of evening came more serious thoughts to Jacob.

Nearly everything had by that time been removed from the house, and he felt that he no longer had a home. Friend David had led away the cow. Two men were lifting his aunt's bureau into a wagon at the gate. Another was ruthlessly cutting up by the roots the corn which the boy had planted and hoed that summer, in the pleasant anticipation of roasted ears in August. The ears were not yet large enough to eat, and the whole must go for fodder. The half-sized potatoes would also have to be dug; for everything left growing in the garden when he gave up the cottage would belong to the owner. The small price which these things brought at auction had not troubled him, but it made him wince to see so much of his summer's work rudely swept away.

Alphonse, who had stood at the gate, whistling a stick, while the men were loading up the furniture, now returned to the door where Jacob was gloomily surveying the scene of desolation.

"Jacob, my boy," cried the professor, gayly, "I have whittled out another idea."

"What is it?" asked Jacob, trying to look cheerful.

"I leave here to-night—in half an hour."

"Where for?"

"For Cincinnati."

Jacob turned pale.

"You can't; there's no stage."

"I've hired one of these men to take me over to the other road in his wagon; there's a Sunday stage on that road."

Jacob could scarcely speak, so great was his agitation. He had sold out his home, and now he seemed about to lose his only friend.

"What's to become of me?"

"You are to go with me, of course."

That brought back a gleam of hope to his darkened soul.

"But—how can I? It is so sudden!" he said.

"Everything happens suddenly with me, as I told you," laughed Professor Pinky. "Listen. Though you've arranged to have your bed and a few things left in the house, it won't be pleasant to remain here till Monday. We might stand it one night; but two nights and Sunday—bah! I don't

know how I've endured it as long as I have, under the most favorable circumstances; it was only to keep you company and put through the auction. Now everything is ready. You've got your money. Hurrah!"

"But there are some people I ought to see first."

"Who, for one?"

"The man who owns the cottage. I shall owe him a month's rent on Monday."

"You can send it to him. Besides, there's garden stuff enough left on the place to pay him. Moreover," added Pinky, "he should have been present at the auction, and bid in something to secure his debt."



JACOB WEARS HIS BEST CLOTHES.

"Then the doctor has n't been paid. His bill for attending my aunt will be ten or twelve dollars."

"That can wait. It is boyish to be in such haste to pay bills!" cried Alphonse with some contempt. "Pay bills always—at your own convenience; that's the rule. Come, put on your Sunday clothes; hang up your old ones for the landlord—they'll be something toward his rent!" Pinky rattled away. "What do you stand staring there for? I tell you I've whittled it all out; it can't be improved."

He drew Jacob into the house, and, taking down from a nail a small black traveling-bag, which they had saved for the purpose from the old lady's

assets, called for the boy's shirts and stockings to be stuffed into it.

Jacob, bewildered, hardly knowing what he did, began to put on his best clothes, and empty the pockets of his old ones.

"Here's all this money!" he exclaimed in despair. "I have n't got my belt made yet!"

"I'll lend you mine," said Alphonse.

"What will you do with *your* money?"

"Why, leave it in the belt, and let you carry it; you look out for the belt, and I'll look out for you."

"I should n't dare!" said Jacob, frightened at the idea of losing both his own money and his friend's. "I wish you would put my money into the belt, and wear it yourself; I shall feel better about it."

"No, I won't! I'm not going to have anything to do with that money; I've said so, and I'll stick to it," declared the virtuous Pinky. "I can make a belt for you in ten minutes—only give me a piece of sheepskin, or strong cloth."

Unfortunately, no material of the kind was to be found in a house which had just been cleared by an auction sale.

"Might tear up a sheet," suggested Alphonse.

"That won't do though; the sheets are sold with the other bedding. I don't see but that I shall have to take your money in my belt, after all."

Jacob thought it very kind in the professor, thus to relieve his inexperienced mind of a great care.

Alphonse disposed of the money while Jacob was dressing. When the traveling-bag was packed, the professor said, throwing out scornfully some things his young friend wished to put into it:

"That old jacket? You never will want that, my boy! You are to be a gentleman now,—at least you are to travel with a gentleman, and be as much like one as circumstances will allow. Your best clothes are bad enough. Ha, ha!" And Alphonse laughed at Jacob's outfit.

"May be you will be ashamed to travel with me," said the boy, blushing, as he looked down at his pepper-and-salt "go-to-meeting trousers," as he called them, and surveyed his tight coat-sleeves.

He had always thought it a very proper suit for a lad of his years; but now, as he began to view it with the eyes of the elegant Mr. Pinky, it looked ridiculous enough. He tried to pull down his vest, which was made too short; then to button his coat at the waist, as Alphonse did, but it was too small, and he only made things worse.

"No matter! you are all right!" said the professor, laughing merrily. "What you lack in elegance of attire, you make up in personal beauty."

"I don't know what you mean by that," pouted Jacob, with a strong suspicion that he was made fun of.

"You

"I

be

"C

An

wash

on (a

he p

have

Jac

aunt

home

clarc

ashan

ashan

"I

Alph

that

better

Jac

before

to hav

"T

ready

case.

"I

Jacob,

which

was no

"W

nothing

"Ye

bucket

Jaco

thirst,

supper

bucket

and st

shoes

ing re

mouth,

corner

ready.

"W

marche

with th

As t

another

around

and he

parting

called o

"So

an auct

That

called o

"I mean that you are a right good-looking young chap, in any clothes."

"Pshaw!" said Jacob, coloring redder than before.

"Oh, but I'm in earnest now!"

And, indeed, if you had seen our young friend washed and combed, and with his clean "shirtie" on (as he called the false bosom and collar which he put over his coarse cotton shirt), you would have thought the professor not far wrong.

Jacob, however,—who had been bred up by his aunt to the wholesome belief that he was a very homely boy,—did not agree with him; and declared that, even if the dancing-master was not ashamed of his traveling companion, he would be ashamed for him.

"I'll tell you how we'll manage that," replied Alphonse. "You can travel as my servant,—if that will suit your idea of the fitness of things any better."

Jacob did n't know whether it would or not; but before he could make a reply, Alphonse appeared to have settled the matter in that way.

"There comes our wagon! Now are we all ready?" said the professor, taking up his violin-case.

"I want to look around a little first!" said Jacob, surveying with a sad heart the old house which had been so long his home, and which he was now to quit forever.

"What's the use of looking around? There's nothing you want here, is there?"

"Yes—I want a last drink out of the old well-bucket, 'fore I go!"

Jacob was almost choking as he spoke,—with thirst, probably, for he had been eating a hasty supper. He went to the well, drew up a brimming bucket with the long sweep, set it on the curb, and stooped over it, spattering his newly-blackened shoes with the drippings as he drank. Then, having replaced the bucket on the curb, he wiped his mouth, also giving a little dash at one eye with a corner of his handkerchief, and said he was quite ready.

"Well, bring the baggage;" and Alphonse marched off with his violin, leaving Jacob to follow with the bag and valise.

As they went out, they noticed Joe Berry and another of the boys who had stoned Jacob, hanging around the gate. His heart relented toward them, and he wanted to give them a friendly hand at parting. But Joe, moved by envy and malice, called out to his companion:

"Some folks feel mighty big since they've had an auction and sold off their old duds!"

That provoked Jacob, I am sorry to say; and he called out, in reply:

"See here, Joe Berry! There's some cast-off clothes of mine in the house, that I don't want; they're a good deal better than any you've got, or are likely ever to have again, and I'll give 'em to you, if you'll be a good boy and keep your face washed."

This retort had the desired effect; but Joe's angry reply was lost in the loud laughter of Alphonse and the driver of the wagon, as the three rode away.

Having locked up the cottage, Jacob stopped to leave the key at the nearest neighbor's house. The people there had been very kind to him, and it cost him a good deal of pain to bid them good-bye. The professor would not let him make any more stops, although Jacob thought he ought to give warning of his departure to the buyers of some of the things still left in the old home.

"What's the use?" said Alphonse. "They'll find it out soon enough."

And he would not hear a word about their going a little out of their way to see the landlord and the doctor and pay their bills.

Jacob yielded to him in this as he did in everything, but with a heart full of misgivings.

Night was now coming on; the road wound among shadowy hills, and the evening crickets were beginning to sing. Jacob looked back, and thought of his lost home, and of all the friends he was leaving, probably never to see one of them again. Then he looked forward into the future and the on-coming night, with feelings which Joe Berry would not have envied so much, could he have looked into his heart.

CHAPTER VI.

DOWN THE OHIO RIVER.

THE home Jacob was leaving was in one of the easterly counties of Ohio, about thirty miles from the Ohio River.

But the river he had never seen. He had never, in fact, been a dozen miles from home. Everything was new and strange to him on that first journey; and when, late Sunday afternoon, the stage-coach, on the top of which he rode with Mr. Pinkey, came out of a pleasant grove on the brow of a hill that overlooked the broad stream winding between woods and farms, and shining miles away by the beautiful Virginia shore, he thought it the finest sight in the world.

They stopped that night at a village on the banks, and on Monday forenoon went on board a steam-boat going down the river.

It was the first steam-boat Jacob had ever seen; and his heart beat high with joy and pride as he stood on the deck and heard the rushing of the

paddles, and beheld the boat swing off from the shore and go gliding away on the stream, bearing him and his fortunes.

"Now you see how it is," said Alphonse. "Who would stay cooped up in a wretched little town like that you've left, when he can put out and see the world as you are doing?" And he added, spreading his hands to the river and horizon to give effect to his eloquence: "Lives there the man, with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land?'"

Jacob did not quite see the relevancy of this last remark, which sounded very much like a quotation; but he felt that it was something fine.

"Now for our state-room," said the professor, taking up his violin-case from the deck, and walking off, followed by Jacob with their baggage.

The boy was surprised to see how perfectly at home Mr. Pinkey appeared on the boat. He was at once on familiar terms with the captain; and he walked in among the passengers, lifting his hat to the ladies, and making pleasant off-hand remarks, like any old acquaintance. With his trim figure, his wide trousers, his coat buttoned with one button at the waist, and falling carelessly open above, displaying an expansive shirt-front and blue necktie,—his pretty mustache, which he occasionally stroked, his hair in ringlets, and his graceful, vivacious ways,—it was no wonder the ladies regarded him admiringly, and seemed pleased with his attentions.

Jacob, too diffident to put himself forward and share his fine friend's triumphs, would have felt quite lonely and neglected if he had not had the novel scenes on the river to divert him, and the passengers to study.

Some of these interested him because they seemed so suddenly to have become intimate with Alphonse,—two young ladies particularly. They were evidently sisters, and looked so much alike that he could not have told them apart, but that one was dressed in green silk and the other in pink. They were rather handsome, and full of gay talk and laughter. In half an hour they were talking familiarly to Alphonse; while a certain tall, dark man, with a black beard, whom Jacob had first seen talking with the sisters, kept aloof from them and paced the deck, frowning frequently at the favored Pinkey.

Jacob was seated on a bench by the rail, looking sometimes at the river and shores, and sometimes at the passengers, and listening to the sounds of merriment in which he could not share, when Alphonse called out to him.

"Oh, Jacob, my boy, bring up my violin, will you?"

Jacob seemed quite to have forgotten that he

was now his own master. He started to obey with the alacrity of a servant, and had reached the state-room before he remembered that Pinkey had the key. He was going back for it, when he met Pinkey coming to bring it.

"Where did you first know all those people?" Jacob asked, as Alphonse stood at the glass, touching up his toilet before returning to the deck.

"I never saw one of them before, you green-horn!" laughed the professor.

"Why, how could you get acquainted with them so soon?"

"That's the Pinkey style; that's the way to do, slow-coach! Walk right in; care for nobody; push yourself—push yourself; that's my motto. Though, of course, *you* can't do that in pepper-and-salt pantaloons. Ha, ha! Come, bring the fiddle."

So saying, Pinkey locked the door again, and tripped airily back to the group awaiting him under the pillared roof of the deck; Jacob following obediently with the instrument.

"There; thank ye, Jacob, my boy; put it down," said the professor, with a condescending smile.

Jacob felt all eyes on him as he awkwardly withdrew, and, rolling his own in distress, saw a bright young girl with merry blue eyes fairly laughing at him.

He had noticed her before. She was sitting with a lady who, as Jacob had noticed, called her Florie, while the young girl had called her, "mamma." She was full of fun, and seemed to know everybody, and to be a favorite with everybody. She was not quite so old as Jacob; and he had thought, as he watched her, that he would give anything in the world if he but had the courage to speak to her. She had looked at him curiously once or twice, and given him no further notice till now.

She was laughing, and her mother was trying to stop her, though she was smiling herself at the time. It was a moment of bitter chagrin to Jacob. He believed that he hated Florie, though only a little while before she had appeared to him so good and beautiful. He returned to his place by the rail, and gazed off upon the water, with a face which was very red indeed.

Professor Pinkey played some merry tunes on his violin, and the sisters in green and pink sang some lively songs. The passengers applauded, and everybody seemed happy except the tall, dark man, who continued to pace the deck dismally. We must also except Jacob. He was entertained, but by no means blissfully at ease in his mind, as he sat there, in the distressing consciousness of an ill-fitting coat and pepper-and-salt trousers, and watched the sport, and wondered—as many another sensitive young person has done on

a lik
in "
H
Alph
supp
bilit
"
"
perly
ear-ri
rich
and
is wh
old
about
"
lessly
or be
"
How
Jac
frien
ever,
man
you
"
ing d
"
torio
"Bu
MA
Jac
his ci
to wh
the y
laugh
the t
and f
stump
Co
ing e
Jacob
longe
dange
It w
pany
the fr
the w
"Y
gentle

a like occasion—if he could ever get to feel at home in "company."

He did not receive another word or look from Alphonse until they met in their state-room after supper. Then the professor overflowed with affability and extravagant praises of "the heiresses."

"What heiresses?" said Jacob, much astonished.

"Why, the sisters, the twins—the Misses Chipperly; the girls in green and pink, with the big ear-rings. They are the only daughters of the richest man in St. Louis. One's name is Theodora, and the other's, Theodosia; 'Dory' and 'Doshy' is what their mother calls them. That's the stout old lady with the double chin. I've learned all about them, and am dead in love!" said Alphonse.

"With which one?" Jacob inquired.

"I don't know yet," replied Alphonse, carelessly. "But I'm resolved to offer myself to one or both of them before we leave the boat."

"Wont that be—rather—sudden?" said Jacob.

"I tell you, things happen sudden with me. How do you like 'em?"

Jacob felt bound to like ladies whom his elegant friend admired. He could not help saying, however, that he thought them rather rough in their manners.

"That's Western style," Pinkey replied. "Did you notice how mad that fellow was at me?"

"The tall, black-bearded man? I saw him looking daggers!"

"He's a Kentuckian—Colonel Corkright, a notorious duelist!" said Alphonse, confidentially. "But I'm not afraid of him."

CHAPTER VII.

NIGHT ON THE STEAM-BOAT.

MATTERS took a singular turn that evening.

Jacob saw Colonel Corkright throw the stump of his cigar into the river, and deliberately walk over to where Alphonse was telling stories that made the young ladies in pink and green scream with laughter. He expected nothing less than to see the tall Kentuckian pick up the slight professor and fling him over into the water, after his cigar-stump. But nothing of the kind occurred.

Corkright treated Alphonse with courtesy, deigning even to smile while the sisters laughed. Still Jacob was alarmed on his friend's account, and he longed to get word with him, to warn him of his danger.

It was a warm moonlight evening, and the company kept the deck, enjoying songs and stories, the fresh breeze, and the beautiful play of light on the water between the boat and the Virginia shore.

"You seem lonesome here by yourself," said a gentle voice to Jacob as he sat musing.

He was so intent just then in watching Florie as she flitted in and out among the groups of passengers, that he had not noticed Florie's mother seating herself on a camp-stool near by.

It was she who spoke. Her voice was so very soft that it had a sort of sympathetic drawl.

"I'm not lonesome," he replied, with a little embarrassment; "though may be I seem so because I don't know anybody."

"Are you traveling alone?" she inquired.

Jacob answered that he was traveling with Professor Pinkey.

"Oh yes! I remember you brought up his violin for him." Jacob was glad that the moonlight did not betray his blushes. "He seems a very pleasant gentleman," added the lady.

Jacob answered, with a glow of pleasure, that Mr. Pinkey was the best fellow in the world, as well as the smartest.

"You have known him intimately a long while, then?"

This question, put with the lady's peculiar drawl, set Jacob to thinking that his intimacy with Alphonse really extended over only a few days. But he thought of their first acquaintance, and said: "I've known him ever since last winter, when he kept a dancing-school in our town."

Florie had glided near, and now stood leaning fondly on her mother's shoulder. The moonlight was on her face, lighting up an intent, curious smile, with which she seemed to be scrutinizing Jacob. He remembered her merriment at his expense, which had stung him so, and he tried to think he hated her still; but he might as well have tried to hate a rose-bud because he had felt its thorns.

"I should think he would make a very good dancing-master," said the mother. "His manners are exquisite."

Florie laughed, "You did n't go to his school, did you?"

"Florie, be still!" said her mother. She was always saying to her, "Florie, be still!" but somehow Florie never would be still. She was not exactly rude, but she had been a good deal spoiled, no doubt; and she had a way of saying and doing always the first thing that came into her gay young head.

Jacob looked her full in the face, and said, with an honest smile:

"Yes, I *did* go to his school, though I suppose you would n't think so, from *my* manners."

"I think he must be a very poor teacher," laughed Florie.

"Be still, Florie!" said her mother.

Jacob was a pretty plucky boy, although he appeared so diffident in society. Opposition roused

his spirit. Florie's presence and saucy bright eyes had troubled him at first. But her pert remarks, instead of increasing his confusion, cured it; and he was now quite himself as he replied, with the same steadfast, honest look and smile:

"He is a very good teacher. But I suppose I was a bad subject. We were all pretty green, and he gave us only ten lessons; I had only nine, for I went in after the first one. Not much of a chance, you see, for a boy that had always worked hard and never been in company! But you can't understand that. You can afford to laugh at an awkward fellow like me!"

Jacob laughed himself as he spoke, while Florie looked more serious.

"I don't laugh at you!"

"You don't now; but you did."

"When?"

"When I carried Mr. Pinkey's violin to him to-day."

Florie's silvery laugh rang out again.

"I laugh at everything—anything; but I was laughing more at your dancing-master than at you—he was so ridiculous!"

"Be still, Florie!" said the mother.

"How—ridiculous?" cried Jacob, firing up for his friend.

"Ordering you about as if you were his servant—and he such a little fellow, dangling those ring-lets! 'Put it down, Jacob, my boy!'"

Florie struck an attitude, waved her hand, shook her own auburn curls, and made altogether so droll an imitation of Pinkey's manner, that Jacob had to laugh, while her mother exclaimed, "Be still, be still, Florie!"

"I'm sorry you don't like my friend," said Jacob, struggling remorsefully against his merriment.

"Like him—ha, ha! If I were you, I'd get a pair of scissors, or use my jack-knife, and cut off that lowest button of his coat, so he can't button it at the waist and make a wasp of himself any more! And I'd snip out curls enough from his head when he's asleep, so he'd have to have his hair cut," Florie went on, in spite of her mother. "He's so absurd!"

"You don't seem to agree with the ladies who admire him so much," replied Jacob.

"What ladies? If you mean the Chipperley girls," cried Florie—

"Be still, Florie, my child!" said her mother.

"He's just the kind of man to please them," the child kept on. "Have you noticed how —"

"Florie! Florie! if you don't stop, you shall go to bed! Come!" and the mother arose, taking the wayward girl firmly by the hand. "I don't know what this young lad will think of you!"

Florie laughed as if she did n't care, and ran away, like a fairy, in the moonlight.

"You must not think anything of what she says," remarked the mother, turning to Jacob. "She is very thoughtless."

"I don't care for what she says of me or any of the rest, but she really does Mr. Pinkey injustice," replied Jacob. "I can't understand why she don't like him; everybody else does."

"Oh yes, everybody must admire Mr. Pinkey!" But in the lady's drawl there was something which sounded to Jacob a little like irony. He had noticed the same when she spoke of Pinkey's manners being "exquisite;" but it did not occur to him then that there could be any sarcasm in the remark. "He is almost too brilliant; there is danger of his dazzling a lad like you."

"Danger—how?" said Jacob.

"You may be blinded to his faults. For I suppose even Professor Pinkey has his faults!"

That was decidedly satirical, though spoken with an innocent demureness, which would have quite deceived Jacob only a few minutes before. Somehow his talk with Florie had quickened his wits amazingly.

"Yes, I suppose he has," he answered. "I only know he is a most generous fellow. He insisted on paying my traveling expenses—though he had done a great deal for me before."

"And did you let him?"

"I could n't help myself, because he has my money."

"Oh!" said the lady. "How happened that?"

Jacob told her.

"Very kind in him indeed to relieve you of the care of your money! I ought not to breathe a word against so good and generous a friend! And, truly, I am sure he is a person of some excellent traits as well as accomplishments. But is he true?—is he altogether upright? Are you sure his influence over you is good?"

"Oh, very sure!" exclaimed Jacob.

"I am very glad to hear it. Good night!"

Nothing could have been kinder than the lady's manner. But somehow her words implied a great deal more than she said. They set Jacob to thinking of something which had troubled his conscience all along, and which made him feel extremely uneasy just now. There was the doctor's account for attending his aunt in her last illness; why had he not asked for and paid it before coming away? And he ought to have settled with the landlord—it was a small amount that he owed him; he had the money, and it would have cost but little trouble to find him. Why had he not done so? Certainly, because of Professor Pinkey's advice. Was, then, that gentleman's influence over him altogether good?

But
hims
Fl
the o
havin
phon
colon
ently
Jac
game
looki
in ca

more e
from th
it was
which v
how th
atmosph
Hear
walked
solemn
assembl
bashful
"Cu
side of

But while Jacob reasoned thus, and condemned himself, he found plenty of excuses for Alphonse.

Florie and her mother had gone. Soon after, the other ladies withdrew, the mother of the sisters having sent for them from her state-room. Alphonse was left in conversation with the Kentucky colonel and two other men, and all of them presently entered the cabin.

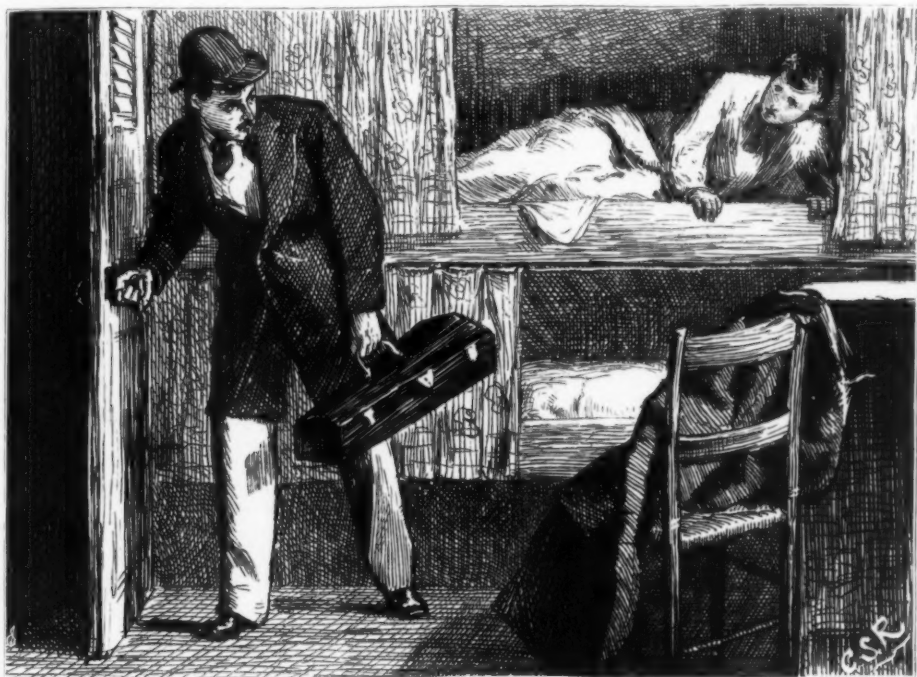
Jacob followed, and found the four engaged in a game of cards, amidst a company of pretty rough-looking men, several of whom were also occupied in card-playing. The end of the cabin devoted

When Jacob returned, he found Pinkey and Corkright engaged in a game; and noticing the skill with which the professor handled the cards, was not surprised to see him win.

It was growing late, and Jacob, who wished to go to bed, saw with some discomfort that another game was to be played.

"Are you coming soon?" he whispered to Alphonse.

"Yes, in a few minutes. Here, take the key; the room is too small for two to undress together; I'll be there by the time you are in bed."



PINKEY GOES OUT OF THE STATE-ROOM WITH THE VIOLIN.

more exclusively to gentlemen had been shut off from that of the ladies by the dividing doors, and it was filled with loud talk and tobacco-smoke, which were so offensive to Jacob that he wondered how the delicate Alphonse could endure such an atmosphere and such society.

Hearing male voices in the ladies' cabin, he walked into it; but, finding that he had entered a solemn meeting, where a traveling preacher had assembled a small company for evening prayers, he bashfully walked out again.

"Curious!" thought he. "Bible-reading on one side of the partition, and gambling on the other!"

Pinkey and the Colonel were now on such friendly terms that Jacob dismissed his fears on his friend's account. Still he did not like to leave him there in such company; and it was only because he did not wish to displease him that he finally withdrew.

He passed through the other part of the cabin again to his state-room, and went to bed, leaving the lamp burning; then lay awake for a long while waiting for Alphonse. At last he fell asleep, and it must have been two or three hours later that he was awakened by somebody in the room.

It was Alphonse. He was very pale, his eyes

shone, and his fine white forehead glistened like marble. Jacob did not speak until he saw that his friend was not preparing for bed, but going out again with his violin.

"You are not going to play, this time of night, are you?" he said, anxiously.

"What business is it of yours whether I play or not?" Alphonse retorted, sharply.

"I did n't mean cards—I meant the violin," said Jacob.

"Just a tune or two," rejoined Pinkey, in a kinder tone, as he went out and closed the door.

Jacob did not know when next he fell asleep; but, awaking a second time, he found himself in the dark. He remembered that the lamp had been burning low, and that he had seen Pinkey turning up the wick. Had he entered the room a second time, and put out the light? Or had it burnt out?

He listened for any movement or sound of breathing in the berth below. All was silence, broken only by the constant jar of the boat's engine and the rushing noise of the strong paddle-wheels.

Jacob turned, and listened again. Then he reached carefully down to the berth below. It was vacant; the carefully tucked-in coverlet had not been disturbed.

A great fear possessed him, and he was about to get up and dress himself, to go in search of his friend, when he heard footsteps approaching, and a hand on the door. Somebody came in, and, without striking a light or stopping to undress, got into the lower berth.

The moon had set; but the first glimmer of dawn was beginning to steal through the small state-room window, and by the gray, cold light Jacob could see that the comer was Alphonse.

(To be continued.)

KING LONESOME.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"WHO is the white-faced old man
Outside, at the window-pane,
That muttered and sighed, as away he ran
Into the sleet and rain;
Crying to some one behind,
Calling to some one before,
One whom he cannot find,
One who will come no more?"

That old man has sisters three;
One he has never seen:
On a throne of roses afar sits she,
And the whole world owns her a queen.
But out of her riches and power,
Nothing has she to spare—
Not so much as a flower—
For the lonesome wanderer there.

One sister beside him delayed,
And tried his thin fingers to hold;
But the storm her garments shredded and frayed,
And she sank, benumbed with the cold.
And ever he prays and cries,
And over her silence grieves;
Behind him, alas! she lies
Buried in golden leaves.

One happy young face before,
 Looks back, between cloud and drift,
 With a sudden smile, and is seen no more;
 And the pilgrim follows, swift
 As a flash of the noon-day light;
 With wail, and reproach, and shout,
 He follows, through day and night,
 Till again the face peeps out.



"LO! THERE AT THE PANE HE GLOWERS!"

This fairest sister of all
 Will laugh in the old man's face,
 Will challenge him onward, with merry call,
 To measure with her a race,
 Till, weary and lame, he falls
 Amid rose-buds and springing fern.
 She flies with the wind; he calls,
 But never will she return.

For the pale-faced pilgrim without
 Is Winter, the lonesome king,
 Calling back to Autumn with dreary shout,
 And hurrying on toward Spring.
 As Summer rules over the flowers,
 Over ice and snow reigns he.
 Lo! there at the pane he glowers,
 And shakes his white scepter—see!



LITTLE TRAVELERS.

BY HARRIET M. MILLER.



WE all are travelers on the journey of life—some of us pleasant and helpful, and some of us cross and complaining, but all with equal speed hurrying on to the end.

Let the older travelers pass on their way, while we take a peep at the youngest of all the little travelers in their first stage, when as yet they have no voice in the conduct of their own lives, but are tumbled and tossed about at the convenience of more experienced fellow-passengers.

To begin where the human race started, let us see how the little travelers get on in the far East. The Oriental baby inherits from his grave, ceremonious papa a quiet, thoughtful air, to which our babies are perfect strangers. No laughing, kicking, crowing, and screaming little traveler have we here, but a solemn, quiet, black-haired infant, who looks out at life from his mother's back with a calm indifference that even the grown-up babies of the West cannot equal. Tied up in his wooden tray, for a cradle, he goes with mamma to the field, taking his dinner, or lying under a tree, with equal composure, contentedly waiting the time when he shall waddle around, wrapped in yards and yards of silk and woolen cloth; jackets and trousers, fez and turban, and big shawl around his waist, if he's a Turkish baby; and red shoes or wooden kobkobs, blue baggy trousers, loose jackets, and red cap or tarboosh, if he's a Syrian baby. He makes his journeys in a basket hung on the side of a horse, with stuffed seat and bar to hold him up, while his nurse rides the same animal and keeps him quiet with a lump of opium, if he's a Persian baby; and rides luxuriously on donkey-back, with his cradle swung between two upright posts from the saddle, if he's a Jerusalem baby.

The bare-headed baby of China, not quite so grave as his Asiatic cousins, is still a contented little traveler, whether he rides on the back of mamma, or is tied on a mat to sleep, or exposed beside the door in a bamboo cage, or fastened to his gilded baby-chair, to teach him to sit up. The most important moment in his young life is when, at the age of one year, he decides his future destiny in a curious way. He is carefully dressed in new clothes, and seated in the middle

of a large sieve, in which are placed many articles, among which are money-scales, a brass mirror, writing utensils, books, silver and gold ornaments, and fruits, while the anxious parents stand by to see which object will first attract his sober black eyes. If he takes up a book or pencil, he is destined to become a scholar; if the glitter of gold or silver attract him, his fate is to amass wealth; if fruits suit him best, he will incline to spurn the rice of his father's table, and feast upon delicate puppy-stew, or bird's-nest soup.

At two years of age he will dress like his grandfather of eighty, and look like that old gentleman seen through the small end of an opera-glass. When he first enters school, he will bring, not a spelling-book and slate, but two candles, a few sticks of incense, and a small quantity of mock money (made of paper), to be burned before a piece of paper having the name of Confucius written upon it. Thus the little Chinese traveler is launched on his school-life.

The little traveler on the shore of the Ganges has a very different life. Bathed every day in the sacred stream, or in a jar of its water; scrubbed with its holy mud—ears, eyes, and mouth; thoroughly purified from all sin, as his parents devoutly believe—how can he help being better than other babies? He is a jolly, happy baby, bright as the sunshine of his native land; not troubled with clothes if he belongs to the poor classes; but wrapped in gorgeous silks of scarlet and blue, loaded with jewels, and weighed down by enormous gold-embroidered turban, if he happens to be a prince. He is betrothed by his parents while he is still in the first stage of his journey, and often is married at the age of six or eight to a bride of as many months, when, according to the custom of the country, he goes to live in the family of his little wife, and be educated—not to learn his lessons with her, as you might suppose, for, alas! the baby-girls of Burmah are not taught to read.

This little Hindoo traveler sleeps in a basket hung from the roof, and rides out on mamma's hip; and, what seems dreadful to us, he learns to smoke before he can walk, his mother often taking a cigar from her own lips and putting it into his. If his life-journey is cut short, his body is carried to the grave in his basket-cradle, which is covered with a fringed canopy and hung from a pole on the shoulders of men, and left at last upside down on his last resting-place.

By the side of the same sacred stream we can see the little traveler of the Parsees, a people who came long ago from Persia, and who worship the sun. The peculiarity of this fair-faced baby in the land of darker colors, is that he is never seen with his head uncovered. Man, woman, or child,—old or young, rich or poor, day or night, asleep or awake, indoors or out,—the Parsee must always keep the head covered. He wears a pretty cap of silk or velvet or linen, which is very becoming. His dress is always of silk, covered with embroidery, gold and jewels, according to the wealth of his family, and the little Parsee is a very picturesque object among the naked babies of the poorer classes.

The little traveler in Italy, with his droll little cap, and dress like his grandmother's, goes in leading strings, or a walking-frame of wicker-work. On the Cornice road he goes to market with mamma, riding in a basket hung to the sides of a donkey, with a brother or sister in a similar basket on the other side. The vegetables, which mamma sells, and the babies, ride very contentedly together; while the mother, with her parasol-hat, crowns the droll load, busily engaged in knitting or spinning as she rides along.

In Algiers, baby rides "pick-a-back," and in Bavaria tied flat to his nurse's back; but if he belongs to the poorer classes, he has the best time in France. Have you heard of that most beautiful charity of Paris called "The Cradle" (*Crèche*), where the babies of mothers who must go out to work are kept all day—bathed, freshly dressed, fed, doctored, and amused till their mothers return home at night? The late Mrs. Field, in her pleasant letters from France, tells about it, and how the children of richer parents are interested in it, saving their money to pay for a cradle in the house, and then going to visit it, and feeling a particular interest in the baby which lies in *their* cradle.

There is another charity in Paris, as well as in many other places, for the little traveler who is "left out in the cold" by poor or unhappy parents. In our country he is apt to start on his life-journey from somebody's door-step, from which he is generally sent by the owner to a Foundling Home, provided for such unfortunate waifs; but in Paris the charitable home for this little traveler has, in its door-way, a sort of box which turns on a pivot. When a mother, from poverty or any reason, feels obliged to give away her baby (and none can tell what a mother must feel before she comes to that), she goes to this door, lays the little creature in the movable box, and turns it around out of her sight, ringing a door-bell as she does so. An attendant takes the gift, carries it to kind-hearted women within, who dress and feed it, and bring up the

motherless baby, in time teach it some trade, and give it a start in life.

The little traveler on our side of the water has a variety of fashions. In Lima he swings in a hammock; in Yucatan he toddles around amply dressed in a straw hat and pair of sandals. Among the Indians of our prairies he begins life as a passive bundle, hung over his mother's back or from the limb of a tree. His head is made to grow flat by means of a board (as you see in the picture), if he is to have the honor of being a Flat-head Indian. Waste no pity on him; it would be the sorrow and disgrace of his life if his head were shaped like yours. He will in future years select his slaves from round-headed races, and proudly declare that no Flat-head was ever a slave!

When the little travelers come in pairs, they make confusion in the world. Among our Piute Indians (as I lately read in a Nevada paper), when this happens, it becomes necessary, by Indian law, for the dignified, pompous papa himself to take care of the superfluous baby. When you remember that an Indian never deigns to notice, much less to touch, a papoose, you can imagine what a mortification this must be to him.

Among some peoples the extra baby is at once put out of the way; but in one African tribe a curious custom prevails. The hut containing the unfortunate pair is marked by a cloth hung before the door, and a row of white pegs driven into the ground in front of it. If any one except the parents goes in, he is at once seized and sold into slavery. The twins cannot play with other children, and no one can use anything out of that house. The mother is allowed to go out to work in the field, bring wood and other necessary things, but she cannot speak to any one out of her own family. This performance goes on till the unwelcome pair are six years old, when they have a great ceremony—music, marching, feasting, and dancing; and when this is done, the banished family takes its place among respectable people again.

Save your pity for the unhappy little traveler, American born and white, who is abandoned to the tender mercies of nurses. He will be dressed too tightly perhaps, drugged with soothing-sirup (or worse), slapped if he cries, and left alone in the dark. He will ride in his carriage with the sun in his eyes, if it is sunny; and with arms and hands uncovered and half frozen, if it is cold. Flies will be allowed to tickle his fat little nose, and pins to stick into his tender little back. The strings of his absurd lace cap will choke him till he is black in the face; and he will nearly break his neck falling over the arm of Bridget when she wants to gossip with a crony. His troublesome clothes will be twitched down and jerked around; and he will be

laid down, set up, turned over, and arranged any way most convenient to her. Above all, if he dares open his mouth to complain of any of these tortures, his delicate little body will be trotted on her hard knees till it will be nothing short of a miracle if his precious little life is not worried out of him.

The calm Oriental baby in his tray or basket; the Chinese baby in his cage; the baby of Burmah, naked or wrapped in silks, smoking at two and married at ten; the baby of the "Cradle" and the Foundling Asylum of Paris; the Lima baby in its

hammock, and the stolid Indian papoose on its boards,—each and every one is happier and better off than our poor little mother-abandoned American baby, left to ignorant and careless nurses.

The "mother-baby,"—the happy little traveler who is not left to the mercies of a nurse, whose throne is his mother's arms, whose pillow is soft, and whose needs are wisely met,—he is the happiest of all. Fair, fat, and hearty, the sorrows of babyhood come not near him. He truly is the one "born with a silver spoon in his mouth."



"77."

BY M. M. D.

ING, dong! Ding, dong!
SEVENTY-SIX will soon be gone;
SEVENTY-SEVEN 's coming on,—
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

Tell us, year, before you go,—
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!
Why at last you hurry so,
Though at first so very slow?
Ding, dong!
Can't you wait a little longer,
Till the baby-year gets stronger?
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

Why can't years come back again,
Just the same as they have been?
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!
Big folks say 't would never do,
None would live the past anew;
But I'd like it,—would n't you?
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

Just the same? No, I must be
Better with each year, you see,
Old year! Don't you pity me?
Ding, dong! Ding, dong,
Ding!

POPPETS.

BY AMALIE LA FORGE.

It was a calm, still evening. The broad bosom of the Thames was scarcely ruffled by the little breeze that stirred the drooping sails of some of the river craft. Over the city and over the forest of masts, the round full moon was rising. Touching the dome of St. Paul's, it glanced down over roofs and under bridges till it lay a broad path of light on the sleeping river. The gas lamps flickered and looked pale before its light, and many a weary pedestrian, hurrying across the crowded bridges which span the river, paused a moment to gaze at the full-orbed globe which even to weary eyes was a wondrous revelation of beauty.

It was dark under the bridges, and the water lapping against the piers had something mournful in its sound. One of the slow river-barges was just passing into the shadow. John Briggs, her owner, leaned against the tiller, guiding his clumsy craft carefully through the arches. Near the bow his nephew Ben was seated, pulling one long oar.

"Steady, Ben!" called out the master, warningly.

"Steady it is," and Ben drew in his oar a little.

Out into the light again the boat came slowly creeping, eagerly watched by a little figure standing on one of the water-stairs. As they came closer, he sent out to them a feeble piping hail.

John Briggs shaded his eyes with his hand. "Why, bless my soul, it's Poppets! Bring her near, Ben, so he can come aboard."

Then a strong hearty shout was sent back in answer, while the boat's head slowly turned toward the stair.

John Briggs took his pipe out of his mouth to welcome the new-comer. "Why, Poppets, we was gettin' oneasy 'bout you, me an' Ben. We thought you'd got lost, mebbe."

"Me lost! Why, dad!" and they both laughed heartily in huge enjoyment of the joke, the thin treble of the one ringing pleasantly through the gruff bass of the other.

"Well, Poppets," and John Briggs resumed his pipe, "wot has you bought fur us, fur 't wont be long afore we wants our supper."

The little boy knelt down beside his basket which he had set with great care in a corner, and touching each parcel as he took it out with a caressing little pat, he went rapidly over his list.

"There's the tobacco, dad, and the tea and sugar, and bacon and herrin's—and oh, dad! I got some cresses. They looked so green and pretty, like the fields; I got 'em cos of that."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Ben, who was listening; but his uncle frowned him into sudden gravity, then nodded kindly at the little flushed, eager face:

"It's all right, my lad. Cresses is werry good for the health, as my old mother used to say."

"They're too pretty to eat 'most," said the boy, touching them tenderly.

"Well, Poppets, what 'll we have for supper, so bein' it's your watch?"

"Oh, dad, herrin's! They're so good, and I'm awful hungry."

"Werry good, my lad. Here, steward," to Ben, who grinned in appreciation of the never-failing joke, "you hear the cap'in. He says herrin's for supper, and consequently herrin's it is."

"Ay, ay, sir!"—and Ben pulled his forelock to the little "cap'in," who clapped his hands gleefully.

"Now, cap'in," said John Briggs, gravely, "if so be as you 'll mind the tiller a bit, I 'll take the oar, an' by the time Ben's got supper we 'll be ready to anchor."

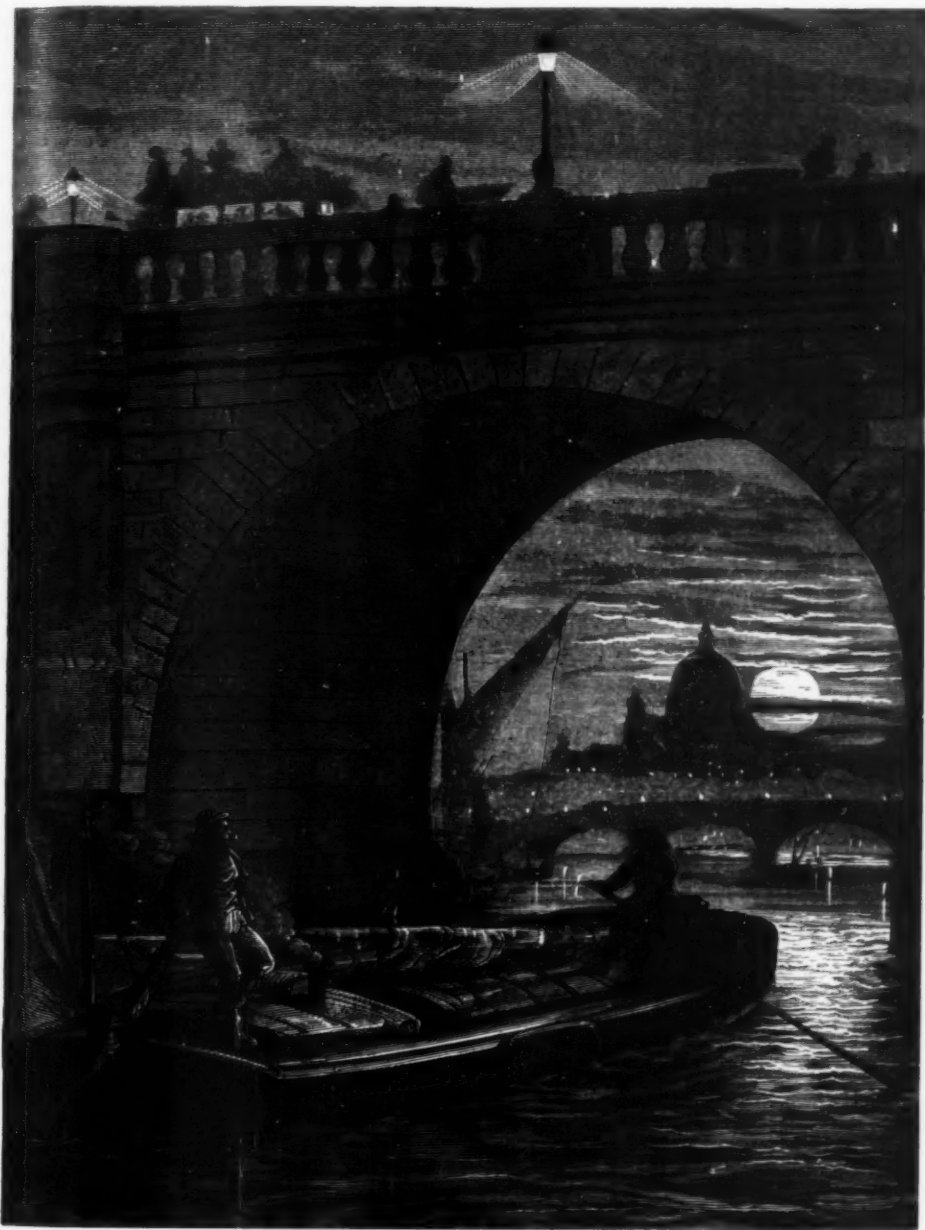
Higher and higher rose the moon, silvering the masts and spars of the many vessels crowded in the docks. The barge was anchored now; and Ben, his labors ended, was stretched sound asleep on the deck. Farther aft, John Briggs and Poppets were seated on a coil of rope, talking in low tones,—the child holding clasped in both his, the hard, rough hand of the other.

"Now, dad, tell me 'bout that night," he was saying; and "dad," drawing him a little closer, commenced the often told, yet never tired of, story.

"Well, Poppets, it was a night just like this, a clear full moon an' a light breeze not much more'n to-night, for I remembers the sails o' the vessels 'round hung just like rags. Well, we was kind o' driftin' along. Ben was at the tiller, an' I was pullin' wery slow, for I was feelin' uncommon low, Poppets, cos of havin' buried my little girl and her mother that werry same week."

Here the child nestled his head down on the speaker's arm. He always did when this part of the story was reached.

"Well, Poppets," stroking his hair softly, "as I was sayin', we was driftin' down slow an' steady like. When we come under London Bridge the moon was shinin' werry bright indeed, an' as I looked back kind o' natural like to see if we was goin' to clear the bridge, I sees somethin' floatin' on the water, right under the bridge, Poppets—floatin' up an' down with the tide."



"ONE OF THE SLOW RIVER-BARGES WAS JUST PASSING INTO THE SHADOW."

"Yes, yes, dad, go on!" cried Poppets, eagerly. "Hullo, Ben, here 's somethin' wants lookin' to,"—"Ay, ay, lad! I 'm goin' on. Well, says I, an' Ben he comes runnin' for'ard; an' by an' by we

VOL. IV.—13.

gets the somethin' out, an' then we finds a shawl, an' then we finds some more clo'es, and arter a long time we finds a *baby*, an' that baby was——"

"And that baby was *me*!" cries the child, delightedly. "Go on, dad."

"An' that baby was my Poppets"—stooping to pat the boy's cheek. "Well, then, Ben an' me took you off wot you was lyin' on" (he did not tell him—poor baby—that it was his dead mother's heart), "an' we rubbed you an' wrapped you up warm, an' by an' by you begins to cry; an' my! how you did go on, Poppets! Says Ben to me, shoutin' out cos I could n't hear cos of you,— 'Uncle,' says he, 'did you ever hear such a screecher?' An' says I, 'No, Ben, an' I hopes I never shall again.' You may laugh, Poppets, but Ben an' me did n't do much laughin' that night."

"Dad," said the child, suddenly, "did you ever know my mother?"

John Briggs turned away with a little embarrassed cough. "I've seen her, Poppets; but we was n't werry intimate, so to speak."

"'Cause you said *this*—touching a little ring hanging from his neck by a faded ribbon—"was hers, and she left it for me."

"Well, Poppets, an' so she did; she was a werry respectable woman, your mother, an' she did n't want to have nothin' to leave you, I s'pose."

"What was she like?" questioned Poppets.

"Well, she was all dressed in black w'en I see her, with a widow's cap on. She was a werry nice woman, I makes no doubt, Poppets, but she got poor an' werry discouraged afore she died."

Then seeing another question moving on the child's lips, he went on hastily:

"Look here, lad; this here is n't goin' on with our story. Well, you just screeched and screeched, till Ben an' me was 'most worn out, but I would n't give you up,—no, I would n't; an' you was that hungry, there was no satisfyin' you; so I says one day, 'Ben,' says I, 'go an' buy a goat;' so Ben he goes an' buys a goat, an' the next day overboard it goes, an' Ben arter it, an' gets near bein' drowned on account of its bein' so contrary. Well, at last I takes you to a woman I knows, an' I asks her wot 's the matter."

"She looks at you awhile, an' then says she, 'He do screech like a good one, don't he?' An' says I, 'Nobody knows that better nor me, mum.' 'Then she looks at you again, an' says she, 'His mind wants amusin', that 's it,' says she."

"As how, mum?" I says.

"Lord love you, man," says she, "how should I know? You 'll have to find out. Children is werry different about that," she says.

"So I walks off with you in my arms, not havin' learned so werry much arter all. Howsomever, I

makes you a soft ball, and I hangs it by a string, an' you'd lie dabbin' at that there with your little fists, like a kitten for all the world. Arter a while, you gives up screechin', an' you'd laugh to me so pretty like, you cured the pain in my heart wonderful; an' then w'en you growed, I sent you to school evenin's, and my! how proud you was w'en you could read to yer dad, an' yer dad, Poppets, was just as proud, every bit. Then arter a while, you say you wants to do something to help yer old dad, so I takes you to the shops and shows you what to buy, an' then you says you wants to go alone, so one day go alone it is. Well, arter you'd got started, I says to Ben, 'Ben,' says I, 'I'm awful oneasy 'bout Poppets.' An' says he, 'I knowed it; s'pose you go arter him.' So off I starts. Well, I kept you in sight for a good bit, sneakin' 'round corners an' skulkin' behind barrels, for I did n't want you to see me, ye see. If I'd kept at that business long, Poppets, I'm sure I'd ha' took to pickin' pockets. Somehow I felt just like a thief. Well, you goes about, lookin' as big as anybody, an' I was just laughin' at myself for bein' so oneasy 'bout you, when all at onct I see a lot o' boys stop you, an' one on 'em tried to take yer basket, but you held on to that, an' by an' by a big fellow steps up an' says he, 'I say, youngster, just give up yer basket, or I 'll punch yer 'ead,' an' then you begins to cry, an' says you, 'Oh, I wish dad was here!'

"I was only waitin' for that, so I sings out, 'Stand by, my hearties!' an' I makes a rush an' knocks over the big fellow with a cuff on his ear, an' then they all takes to their heels like a lot of little fishin'-boats if a man-o-war bears down on 'em."

"Well, you walked on quiet for a bit, an' then you says, 'Dad, how did you come here?'

"'Well,' says I, 'Poppets, I thought I'd like to take a walk.' 'Now, dad,' you says, lookin' straight at me, 'you know you come to look arter *me*.' Well, I had to say I did. You thought awhile, an' then says you, 'Dad, s'pose you do that fur a little, fur I aint goin' to give it up,' says you, clutchin' yer little basket—"an' then some day you leave off when I don't know it, an' then I 'll feel just as safe thinkin' you 're there, an' then arter a while I wont mind.' Oh! you always was a terrible strange child, Poppets!"

"So we does that, an' sometimes I'd see you looking back fur me, an' I'd make b'lieve I did n't see you, an' walk on an' take no notice, an' so you got to go alone, an' now there aint nobody can do it better than my Poppets."

"And that 's all about me, dad?"

"An' that 's all about you yet awhile, my lad."

The shadows were denser under the bridges,

and the water lapped the piers a little more quickly, for the tide was coming in. Red and green lights were twinkling in the rigging of the vessels, and the crowd in the streets was thinning, and still John Briggs and the child sat talking together.

Once and again the child's thoughts would turn to his dead mother, and he would ask earnest, puzzling questions, and always gently, always skillfully, would the other lead him away from the subject.

"There aint no use tellin' the child his mother was drowned," he had said to Ben long before. "If she fell in a-purpose,—which aint no ways onlikely, them London bridges bein' a dreadful temptation to folks as is worried in their minds,—he must n't never know it; an' if she fell in by accident, which may be too, why he'd always be thinkin' if there'd been somebody there they might ha' got her out, so we jist wont tell him at all."

They had sat silent for some time, when suddenly the child spoke.

"Now, dad, I'll tell *you* a story, such a nice, nice one," said Poppets, who had been gazing for a long time at the moon shining so quietly down on them.

"Ay, lad, that'll be prime! Why, come to think, Poppets, you've never told yer old dad a story yet."

"Well, I'm going to now," answered the child, nodding his head gravely. "Once upon a time—that's the way all the stories begin in the fairy-book you bought me, dad."

"All right, deary; now then, go on. 'Once upon a time'—"

"Once upon a time, there was a good, good man, who was very, very lonely, 'cause of havin' buried his little girl and her mother."

"That's me," said the listener, under his breath, "only I don't know 'bout the 'good.'"

"Hush, dad; you must n't stop me," warned Poppets, shaking his head at him. "Well, this good man was sailin' on the river one night, and he was feelin' very low and very unhappy, and he was sayin' to himself, 'There aint nobody left, and I wish I was n't left neither.'"

"Why, Poppets!" said John Briggs, with a gasp, "how'd you know?"

"Never mind; I know. Well, he was thinkin' this, and the moon looked down at him, and she knew all about it, and she'd sparkle up the water, and she'd smile at him, and still he did n't notice nothin'. So she kept thinkin', thinkin' what she could do for this good, good man. And by and by a beautiful angel came along, holding a little girl; and the little girl had long yellow curls and blue eyes, and she called the pretty angel 'mother.'"

The child paused a little, for his listener had

shaded his face with his hand, and Poppets' little tender fingers went up to stroke it gently.

"Well, then, the moon and the angel talked about the man; and by and by, the moon made a little boat out of the moonlight, and she put a baby in it, and then she sent it sailin', sailin' down a streak of light till it came to the water; and there it was rockin' up and down, and the moon watchin' it. And then another angel comes along, and she says to the moon, 'Where have you sent my baby?' And the moon says, 'I've sent it to that good, good man, to be a comfort to him.'"

"An' so you are, my blessed Poppets!" murmured the other, fondly.

"Hush, dad; I'm not done. So the moon and the two angels and the little girl all stood watching the man. And when he came to the bridge, the moon shone out very bright and showed him the little baby; and they saw him take it up and hold it in his arms, and then the two angels and the little girl went away together. Well, the baby was a very bad baby for a while, and most wore out the good, good man; but he took care of it all the time. And by and by it grew to be a little boy, and then the man used to send it to school in the winter, so it could learn to read for him nights. And after a while he let this little boy go errands for him—and oh, how glad the little boy was to do it! for he used to lie awake nights, wonderin' what he could do for this good man. Well, the little boy grew and grew till he got to be a big, strong man, and he worked hard and saved up his money; and one day he and the good man, who had got to be an old man then, left the boat with Ben, who was a very good man too. And they went off together, and they got a little house by some trees, and a pretty field near, with buttercups in it, and a brook with cresses. Dad, think o' that! And the little house had a garden, and the young, strong man used to work in it; and then he used to bring all kinds of nice things to the old man, who sat in a big chair by the door. And they had a goat—no, a cow! Dad, was n't that good? Wait, dad, the story's most done. And they lived there together a long, long time, and the little boy that had grown to be a big, strong man was so very, very happy, 'cause now he could take care of the good man who had taken care of him. And the old man he was happy too, and there was nobody in all the world he loved so well as the little baby the moon had sent him. And often and often, dad, the two angels and the little girl used to come there too, though the young man and the old man could n't see them; and they were all so happy, 'cause the good, good man was happy too. And that's all. Dad, do you like it? Why, dad, you are cryin'!"

"Bless my little Poppets!"—and "dad" stooped to kiss the flushed cheeks again and again.

And still the moon shone softly, steadily down. Ben had long ago tumbled into his bunk, and the two were left alone together. Poppets had laid his head on his protector's breast, and was watching, half asleep, the sparkle of the light upon the water.

Soon the bells rang out over the city, chiming the hour of twelve. Poppets was asleep. The other only drew him a little closer; he had often slept the night through so before. In his dreams, the child was seeing the little cottage of his hopes, and far into the night John Briggs sat holding him and puffing silently at his pipe.



GREGORY GRIGGS, Gregory Griggs,
Had twenty-seven different wigs.
He wore them up, and he wore them down,
To please the people of London town.
He wore them east, and he wore them west,
But he never could tell which he liked the best.

country
young
called
ered fi
streets
and the
days, lo
court o
court la
times, a
mother's

Ham
preserv
days th
sumptu
ward, k
and disa

Blood
occasion
with one

Here
passed
not com
loved H
young f
France,
marriage
and offer
had first
ried to
a queer
used to

The we
grand c
hung w
violet sa
his. He
of age,
when Ch

We c
followed

THE GREYHOUND'S WARNING.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.



LD stories are now in fashion, and here is a Christmas story that was told to my grandmother by her grandmother, who heard it from an old lady once in attendance upon the royal family in the days of King Charles I.

Charles I., you remember, founded a colony in this country in very early times, and in honor of his young and beautiful Queen, Henrietta Maria, he called it *Terra Mariæ*, or *Mary-land*. He gathered fifteen hundred orphan children from the streets of London, and sent them to *Mary-land*; and these settlers, in the long-forgotten Christmas days, loved to hear and recount the legends of the court of Charles; and so this story came from a court lady who visited Maryland in early colonial times, and who, as I have said, told it to my grandmother's grandmother.

Hampton Court Palace, which is still in perfect preservation, was a grand old English manor in days that are dim in history. It was the palace of sumptuous old Cardinal Woolsey; and here, afterward, kings were born, and queens were married, and disappointed princes grew gray and died.

Bloody Mary celebrated Christmas here on one occasion, when she had the great hall illuminated with one thousand lamps.

Here Charles I. and his beautiful girl-queen passed their honeymoon. Marriages for love are not common in old royal families, but Charles had loved Henrietta Maria ever since he had seen her young face at a splendid reception at the court of France, and when his ministers failed to arrange a marriage for him, he let his heart speak for itself, and offered his hand to the princess, whose beauty had first enchanted him. So Henrietta was married to him in France while he was yet in England, a queer old way of doing things that royal families used to practice. It was called marrying by *proxy*. The wedding took place one fair spring day in the grand old cathedral of Notre Dame, which was hung with rich tapestry and tissues of gold and violet satin, figured with golden lilies or *fleurs-de-lis*. Henrietta at this time was about fifteen years of age, so she was hardly more than a little girl when Charles first fell in love with her.

We cannot stop to tell you of the gala days that followed the marriage, or the gay ship that bore

the girl-queen over to England, to meet the king she had wedded. The pageants faded as she drew near to London, for the plague was in the city, and bells clanged and tolled every minute of the day. But the gay Duke of Buckingham made a splendid banquet for the royal pair at his residence at *Burleigh-on-the-Hill*, and it was on this occasion that Jeffry Hudson, the famous dwarf of Charles's court, was first presented to the queen, being served in a large pie on the table. When the pie was cut, Jeffry jumped out, armed cap-à-pie.

But the honeymoon went by, and the best days of the king's life passed, and the storm of the English revolution began to gather. There were riots in London, and long and angry Parliaments, and the queen fled away for safety, and the king found himself a prisoner at last in Hampton Court Palace, where the happy days of his honeymoon had passed, when life lay fair before him.

Two of his children were with him much of the time in these perilous days—the Princess Elizabeth and the young Duke of Gloucester. They were his hand-in-hand companions in his walks in Paradise, as the Hampton Court Palace gardens were called. The Princess Elizabeth was her father's favorite, a tender-hearted, fair-haired child, frail as a flower, her pure soul shining through her pale face like a lamp through a vase of alabaster. It was to her, as he took her on his knee, that the king confided his last messages to the queen before his execution. "Tell her, sweetheart," he said, "I loved her to the last."

The Duke of Gloucester was younger than the princess, but older in heroic appearance and larger in stature, for Elizabeth was a wee, frail thing.

The king had a favorite hound. It was always with him when he was alone or with his children; it guarded the door of his chamber at night; its only delight seemed to be to do the bidding of his royal master, and to receive his caresses.

Charles was one day amusing himself with his children in the Hampton Court garden, when a wild-looking woman drew near, and, holding out a thin hand, said:

"Alms?"

She was a strange fright of a creature, and the children thoughtlessly laughed at her, which sent the blood tingling into the furrows of her cheek.

"Who are you?" asked the king.

"They call me a gypsy," answered the woman, assuming a mysterious look. "I foretell events."

The king was not overawed by her air of mystery, but told her that she must at once leave the place.

She moved away darkly and sullenly, when the children uttered an audible laugh. She caught the sound, and turned sharply.

The king was caressing the hound. The fact that a brute was faring better than she, seemed to increase her bitter feeling.

"He can play now," she said, looking enviously toward the dog. "Let him. A dog will howl one day, and then the kingdom will want for a king; then the kingdom will go."

The king seemed to be disturbed by the evil prophecy. He addressed the strange woman in a softer tone, and offered her money.

The black lines faded partly out of her face, and she courted lower and said:

"A dog will die in this palace one day; then the kingdom shall be restored again."

People were very prone to believe in omens, signs and fortune-telling at this time, and the gypsy's words became known in the palace, and were treasured up to see if they would come to pass.

There was nothing remarkable in the prophecy. If one were to say that a dog would howl in Queen Victoria's park at Balmoral before the Queen should die, or that the cock should crow in the grounds of Windsor Castle before the Prince of Wales should take the throne, it would probably all come to pass, and if so common an event were looked for, it might seem to unthinking people quite a remarkable thing.

The civil war grew more fierce; the king's life was threatened; the king began secretly to plan an escape from Hampton Court, and from this turbulent part of the kingdom. He was really a prisoner in his palace; old friends were everywhere turning against him, and he was sometimes made to feel that his only friend, except his children, was his faithful hound.

"Poor thing, poor thing! he is faithful to me," said the king one day. "But how can I be faithful. I may leave you one day, good fellow, and then a dog will howl. It is a pitiable case when a king cannot be true even to his dog."

The hound seemed to understand the king's great trouble, and at such times would lick his master's hand, and would press his knee and whine, as though to break the reverie.

It was toward the close of a dark afternoon on the 11th of November, 1647. Night came early, with no ray of sunset. The palace gardens were obscured in a deep mist, and the river ran dark below them, with hardly a ray to penetrate the gloom.

The king ate an early supper, and then retired with his favorite dog. It was his custom to go to his chamber for devotions immediately after the evening meal.

It was very still in the palace; very gloomy, with the dull sound of the November rain incessantly falling. Occasionally the step of the guard was heard on the corridor. The little duke and the princess were waiting the return of their father in a dimly lighted room near the banquet hall.

He did not come. The foot of the guard sounded firmer, and became impatient.

Suddenly the pitiful howl of the king's hound broke the silence of the palace.

The little duke heard it, and started to go to his father's chamber. The young princess followed him, a strange look of terror in her baby face, and her eyes filled with tears.

The children came to the main stair-way, when they were ordered back by an attendant. In their retreat they again heard the hound in their father's chamber utter the same friendless, piteous howl.

There was a back staircase that led up to the same room. The children passed silently through the empty apartments that led to it, and were startled again and again on their noiseless way by the pitiful howling of the dog, which now began to be piercing in its distress.

Just as they arrived at the foot of the staircase, a heavy sound was heard at the chamber door above. It was answered by a sharp bark from the hound.

"Father must have gone," said the little princess; "what made the dog howl so?"

There was a crash at the door above. The young princess clasped her brother in fear, and tried to draw him back.

"They are breaking into his room," said the prince; "let us go to him; let us defend him."

There was a hurried step and a cry on the stairs. The children drew back; the hound came bounding down and ran up to them and around them in anxiety and terror. There were more footsteps on the stairs, and another cry:

"Give the alarm; the king has escaped!"

Years pass. The stormy scenes of the English Revolution are over. King Charles I. has long slept in the silent vaults of St. George's Chapel, and his separated children have grown to manhood and womanhood in exile.

There came to Hampton Court Palace one late summer day, Oliver Cromwell, Protector of the Commonwealth of England. He, too, was attended by a faithful dog. He slept in the old royal apartment, and his dog kept guard at the door. He awoke one morning, but his dog did not come to

him. He arose and found that the trusty animal was dead.

Oliver Cromwell was a stern man, but, like most men of that day, he was superstitious. He believed in signs and omens and witchcraft, and he had heard of the withered gypsy's prophecy.

He was shaken in health, and the sight of the dead dog awakened his nervous fears. "Alas!" he said, "the kingdom has departed."

Cromwell soon died, and, as all our school-children know, Charles II., son of the first Charles, came back to the throne, amid great rejoicings and celebrations.

And this is the old story—a curious mingling of true history and superstition—that was told over and over again in the Christmas-tide to open-mouthed groups around Maryland firesides in the old Colonial times.



"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S BOOKS AND PICTURES.

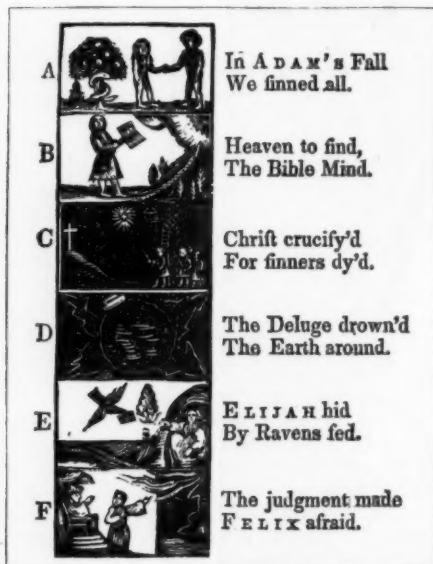
BY H. E. SCUDDER.

I HAVE just been looking at an "Indestructible Picture Book of Mother Hubbard and her Dog," which is the first book in my little girl's library. I am afraid it will not last many days more, in spite of its name, and it is very certain that her great-grandchildren will never see it, though I hope they will see one like it; at least I hope they will care for Mother Hubbard and her Dog, and I am pretty sure they will. There are books read by children to-day which their great-grandfathers were reading a hundred years ago; and there is one little book not so much read by children now, which was not only well known to their great-grandfathers but to the great-grandfathers of their great-grandfathers; that is, to such as were born and bred in New England or of New England parents. It is "The New England Primer," a little book not much larger than a baby's hand, which was once almost universally used in New England as the first book for children. You would not think it a very bright-looking book, but it was a useful one, for it had all the let-

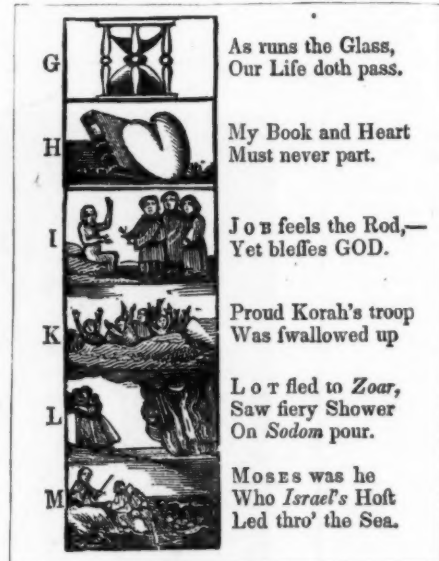
ters, which are enough to make one's head ache as they stand in a row:

Æ, Å, Ħ, ſ, ſi, ſl, ſh, ſi, ſk ſli, ſl, ſt, ſt.

The primer was the entrance to spelling and reading for all children: with its alphabet to start



ters of the alphabet, not only the regular letters from A to &, which brought up the rear with a lively flourish of its little tail, but a list of the double



with, it gradually led the way, by column after column of easy syllables, up to words of six syllables, and then began the reading. But I do not believe that children then waited to spell all the easy and hard words before they looked at the pictures further on. There was a picture for every letter of the alphabet except &, and against each picture two short lines, which rhymed, were easy to learn, and impossible to forget. I suppose there are thousands upon thousands of grown people now in America who, when they were children, learned these lines, and could say them to-day without looking at the book. But as the New England Primer has been crowded out by the picture-papers and magazines and books, now so plentiful, you may not have seen it. Therefore, ST. NICHOLAS has made exact copies for you of the twenty-four queer little pictures and stories which great-grandfather

used to look at. J, you see, is not here, because it was only I with another name; U and V, too, were called the same letter; and &, as I said, has no picture; more's the pity, for they might have added:

ANDREW his net
For men did set.

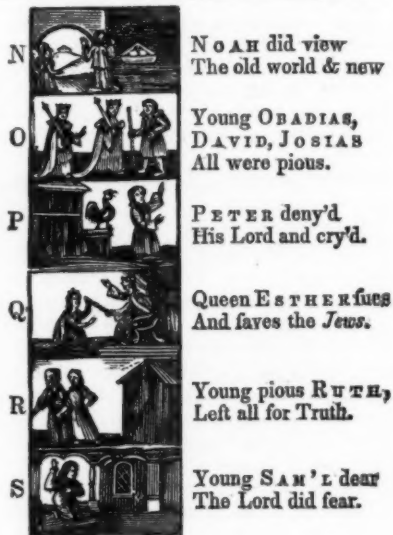
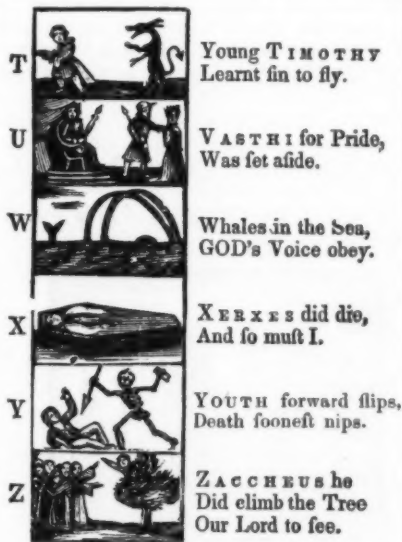
By a little study you can make out all the figures, though the pictures are rather dim.

The pictures are small, and so the one who drew them had to make haste to get in everything that helped to tell the story. The apples are on the tree; Adam is known from Eve by his hat; Noah's ark is the only dry thing in the Deluge; Elijah can scarcely wait for the eager raven; and both Paul and Felix see the judgment as plain as if it were in the same room.

Many of the rhymes, you see, tell the stories which the children had heard from the Bible, and the pictures would make the scenes very vivid; that troop of Korah's—one can almost hear them cry out as the ground gives way; then how ashamed Job's friends look, and one shudders at the narrow escape of Lot; while the dripping Israelites are making every exertion to get up to Moses.

I suppose, in the picture below, Noah sees the ark in the midst of the black waters—the old world—and then holds his hand up in admiration as he sees the ark upon dry ground upon the top

The story about him, David and Josias is brief, but it would take great-grandfather's mother a long while to tell the whole story about each. When she finished, she could have summed them up no more completely. So, these three having been



of Ararat, the new world, which he and his sons, who are huddled in the corner, are to enter upon. Young Obadiah must be the one without a crown.

boys, the story of Ruth is suggested, and one sees the house left behind; she is going off with Naomi, and she was sincere.

Sin, in the picture, is certainly not made winning and beautiful, but the meaning is that young Timothy saw sin just as hideous as it really was.

You will not think these pictures beautiful, and they are not; but, like the lines at their side, they are direct. The book was a little book, and when it was made there were very few books at all made expressly for children, so that the makers tried to put as much as they could into this small compass. They did not expect that children would get all their reading out of it, but they meant that when children were learning to spell and to read, they should be taught something about good living, and learn some of the things that were nearest their fathers' hearts. The Bible was the book that their fathers went to most of all, and so this primer is full of bits about the Bible, as in the pictures we have been looking at, and also about religion and duty, as their fathers understood these. Just after this picture alphabet is another "Alphabet of Lessons for Youth, beginning: "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother," and ending: "Zeal hath consumed me,

because thy enemies have forgotten the word of God." There was a Cradle Hymn, a part of which many children still hear, beginning:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

But this was not in the very old primer, for it was not then written, and there were other verses and short proverbs which those who learnt probably remembered long after they had forgotten larger books.

There was but one other picture, and that was to keep alive the remembrance of terrible times in England, which had been suffered by the great-grandfathers of those who first used the New England primer. It was the picture of John Rogers, as follows:



Beneath it was printed: "MR. JOHN ROGERS, minister of the gospel in *London*, was the first martyr in Queen MARY'S reign, and was burnt at *Smithfield*, February 14, 1554. His wife, with nine small children, and one at her breast following him to the stake; with which sorrowful sight he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful patience died courageously for the gospel of JESUS CHRIST."

The first people who came to New England had grave fears lest the times of Queen Mary were coming again in England, and it is not to be wondered at that they should keep alive the memory of these things. How many children have counted that little flock, to see if the nine were all there, and have looked with terror at John Rogers in the fire, and the pleased, smiling faces of the soldiers who kept guard over Mrs. Rogers and her children!

The New England primer was not the only little book which great-grandfather had. There were not many books made in America then, and this was almost the only one made expressly for children; nor were there very many made or written in

England for children alone in those days. In reading the lives and recollections of those who lived at the time of the revolution, or shortly after, one finds mention of a few books for little children which are still read. "Mother Goose's Melodies" is an American book, and was made more than a hundred years ago. Many of the rhymes in it, most indeed, are English nursery songs, brought over in the head to this country; but there was a real Mother Goose in Boston, who sang the little ditties to her daughter's children, and her daughter's husband, who was a printer, collected them into a book. Then we read of "Goody Two Shoes," which was quite well known, and there were a good many scraps of history, and anecdotes in almanacs, as there are now. But then, as now, children read the same books that their fathers read. Indeed, that was much more common then, for it is only within the last hundred years, more especially the last twenty-five or thirty, that there have been many books and magazines especially for children. But there were long ago books written, like "The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver's Travels," the authors of which were not thinking of children at all; and yet these books have come to be read almost entirely by the young. Great-grandfather had these books, and he read besides many books which children to-day, with books of their own, are less likely to see. There was John Randolph, of Roanoke, for instance, a notable Virginian, who was born in 1773. The first book that fell in his way was Voltaire's "History of Charles XII. of Sweden." He found a closet full of books, and before he was eleven years old he had read "The Spectator," "Humphrey Clinker," "Reynard the Fox," "The Arabian Nights," "Tales of the Genii," "Goldsmith's Roman History," and an old "History of Braddock's War," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Quintus Curtius," "Plutarch's Lives," "Pope's Homer," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Tom Jones," "Orlando Furioso," and "Thompson's Seasons"—a queer lot, but some of them great books, which it would be well to read now, instead of weak and foolish ones.

Then there were parents in those days who thought much of what their boys were reading and thinking about. Listen to what John Quincy Adams—which President was he?—says of his mother:

"In the spring and summer of 1775, she taught me to repeat, daily, after the Lord's Prayer, before rising from bed, the Ode of Collins on the patriot warriors who fell in the war to subdue the Jacobite rebellion of 1745:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!"

And here is a letter from the same John Quincy Adams, written, when he was ten years old, to his father, John Adams, absent then at Congress:

Braintree, June 2, 1777.

DEAR SIR: I love to receive letters very well, much better than I love to write them. I make but a poor figure at composition; my head is much too fickle; my thoughts are running after birds' eggs, play, and trifles, till I get vexed with myself. Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me steady, and I own I am ashamed of myself. I have but just entered the third volume of Smollett [History of England], though I had designed to have got half through by this time. I have determined this week to be more diligent, as Mr. Thacher [his tutor] will be absent at court, and I cannot pursue my other studies. I have set myself a stent, and determine to read the third volume half out.

When the Revolution was over, the schools of the country were in a very bad way. The country was poor, there were very few books of any kind, and school-books were of the poorest sort. It was at this time that Noah Webster, who made the dictionary later in his life, and was now a poor school-master, determined to make a speller, a grammar and a reader for schools. His grammar and reader were long since forgotten, but his speller is still used all over our country. It is a different book, however, from the first speller which he made. That, like "The New England Primer" of his grandfather, not only taught the alphabet and spelling, but tried to teach the little American some of the lessons in goodness and patriotism, which Noah Webster saw were much needed. It was the only book that a great many children had, and it had pictures—pictures a little bigger than those of the primer, but very much of the same kind. From a very early time fables have been written and told to teach simple truths, and Webster put a few fables into his book, and a picture to each. Here are some of them:



FABLE I.

Of the Boy that stole Apples.

AN old Man found a rude Boy upon one of his trees stealing Apples, and desired him to come

down; but the young Sauce-box told him plainly he would not. Won't you? said the old Man, then I will fetch you down; so he pulled up some tufts of Grass, and threw at him; but this only made the Youngster laugh, to think the old Man should pretend to beat him down from the tree with grass only.

Well, well, said the old Man, if neither words nor grass will do, I must try what virtue there is in Stones; so the old man pelted him heartily with stones; which soon made the young Chap hasten down from the tree and beg the old Man's pardon.

MORAL.

If good words and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner.

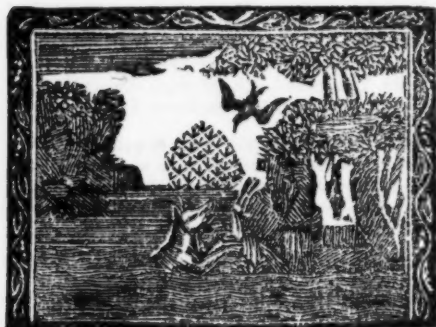


FABLE II.

The Country Maid and her Milk Pail.

WHEN men suffer their imagination to amuse them, with the distant and uncertain improvements of their condition, they frequently sustain real losses, by their inattention to those affairs in which they are immediately concerned.

A country Maid was walking very deliberately with a pail of milk upon her head, when she fell into the following train of reflections: The money for which I shall sell this milk, will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to three hundred. These eggs, allowing for what may prove addle, and what may be destroyed by vermin, will produce at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market about Christmas, when poultry always bears a good price; so that by May day I cannot fail of having money enough to purchase a new Gown. Green—let me consider—yes, green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair where all the young fellows will strive to have me for a partner; but I shall perhaps refuse every one of them, and with an air of disdain, toss from them. Transported with this triumphant thought, she could not forbear acting with her head what thus passed in her imagination, when down came the pail of milk, and with it all her imaginary happiness.

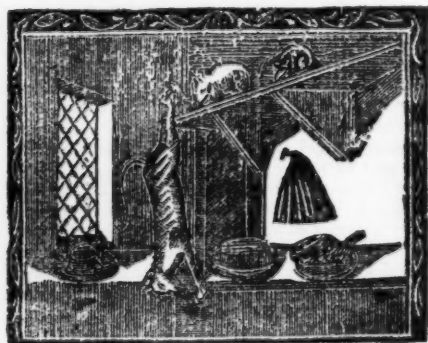


FABLE III.

The Fox and the Swallow.

ARISTOTLE informs us, that the following Fable was spoken by Esop to the Samians, on a debate upon changing their ministers, who were accused of plundering the commonwealth.

A Fox swimming across a river, happened to be entangled in some weeds that grew near the bank, from which he was unable to extricate himself. As he lay thus exposed to whole swarms of flies, which were galling him and sucking his blood, a Swallow, observing his distress, kindly offered to drive them away. By no means, said the Fox; for if these should be chased away, which are already sufficiently gorged, another more hungry swarm would succeed, and I should be robbed of every remaining drop of blood in my veins.



FABLE IV.

The Cat and the Rat.

A CERTAIN Cat had made such unmerciful havoc among the vermin of her neighborhood, that not a single Rat or Mouse dared venture to appear abroad. Puss was soon convinced, that if affairs remained in their present situation, she must be totally unsupplied with provision. After mature deliberation, therefore, she resolved to have recourse to stratagem. For this purpose, she suspended herself from a book with her head down-

wards, pretending to be dead. The Rats and Mice, as they peeped from their holes, observing her in this dangling attitude, concluded she was napping for some misdemeanor; and with great joy immediately sallied forth in quest of their prey. Puss, as soon as a sufficient number were collected together, quitted her hold, dropped into the midst of them; and very few had the fortune to make good their retreat. This artifice having succeeded so well, she was encouraged to try the event of a second. Accordingly she whitened her coat all over, by rolling herself in a heap of flour, and in this disguise lay concealed in the bottom of a meal tub. This stratagem was executed in general with the same effect as the former. But an old experienced Rat, altogether as cunning as his adversary, was not so easily ensnared. I don't much like, said he, that white heap yonder; Something whispers me there is mischief concealed under it. 'Tis true it may be meal; but it may likewise be something that I should not relish quite so well. There can be no harm at least in keeping at a proper distance; for caution, I am sure, is the parent of safety.



FABLE V.

The Fox and the Bramble.

A FOX, closely pursued by a pack of Dogs, took shelter under the covert of a Bramble. He rejoiced in this asylum; and for a while, was very happy; but soon found that if he attempted to stir, he was wounded by thorns and prickles on every side. However, making a virtue of necessity, he forbore to complain; and comforted himself with reflecting that no bliss is perfect; that good and evil are mixed, and flow from the same fountain. These Briers, indeed, said he, will tear my skin a little, yet they keep off the dogs. For the sake of the good then let me bear the evil with patience; each bitter has its sweet: and these Brambles, though they wound my flesh, preserve my life from danger.

Like the primer, Webster's speller was small, and had no room for long stories; but you have seen how

much could be gotten into these little fables with their pictures. In the first one of these funny old wood-cuts there is a story that any one can understand, and it is told in a very lively fashion. The old man in his continental coat has only got as far as words in the picture, and the boy is just reaching out his arm for the round apple near him. If another picture had been given, the old man's coat would have been off, and that boy would have been seen slithering down the trunk of the tree. But there was only one picture to a fable.

I wonder if the moral of the second fable was printed at the top for fear it would not be read if it came at the end of the story. The poor milk-maid looks rather forlorn in the picture. The toss of her head is there still; she was too shocked with her grief to put her head back again.

Webster was a man who watched politics very closely, and it is not impossible that he put in the third fable with an eye to something then going on in the country. If he had made the fable longer, perhaps he would have made the fox call upon some friend to help him cut the weeds away in which he was entangled. But there is no doubt that those flies, so orderly and determined, would be enough to drive any fox wild.

Did you ever think before reading Fable IV. what was the origin of that phrase, "A cat in the meal?" It was the old experienced rat, you see, that first said it, only he said it in rather longer words. It would be pretty hard to tell from the picture what

all the delicacies were on the table, but there is no doubt that the cat made herself look extremely like a dead cat. Is that a ham hanging on the wall? I can't quite make it out.

I am afraid the artist gave up the difficult task of showing the dogs in the last picture; and without the story it would be rather hard to tell what the picture meant. How different all these pictures are from the new ones which you see on turning the leaves of ST. NICHOLAS! A great deal has been learned in this country about drawing and engraving pictures, just as there has been a great deal more attention given to writing books and stories for children. Yet some of these pictures, like some of the stories, have this about them, that they are perfectly intelligible and are easily remembered. When you compare these old-fashioned books which great-grandfather had with those which you now have,—with ST. NICHOLAS, for instance,—and remember how much greater and more prosperous this country is than it was in great-grandfather's day, do not forget that great-grandfather helped to make the country what it is, and that the books which he read and the pictures he looked at, helped to make him what he was. So, as we have been reading fables and their morals, here is the moral of what I have been saying, and you must not skip it: *Our books and pictures are not only to amuse us, but to make us wise and good; if they do not, then the better they are the worse we shall be.*

THE TWO DOROTHYS.

By C. F. JACKSON.

DOROTHY PATTEN SYLVESTER had come to her grandfather's to make a visit. A visit to grandpapa was to each one of the seven Sylvesters the most delightful thing that could be imagined. They were, all of them, always ready to go there whenever grandpapa and grandmamma sent for one or two of them, only the trouble was to decide which of them should have the pleasure. This time, strange to say, Dorothy was alone; I will tell you how it happened. Of course, everybody wanted to go to Philadelphia, to the Centennial celebration; but all through the spring, poor little Dorothy was ill with a fever. When she was well enough to go out she was still thin, and weak, and pale; and

papa and mamma thought a crowded city was not the place in which to find fresh roses for their little girl's cheeks; so they decided to let Dorothy make a visit to grandpapa's, while the rest of the family went to Philadelphia, and although she was disappointed at first, she soon cheered up and began to talk of all the delightful things she would see and do in the country. Then Charley and Frank had promised to write her about everything they saw, and Phil had given her Prince, his black-and-tan terrier, to take care of while he was away. Besides, Bessie, the sister nearest her in age, had agreed that her doll, Alice Rosamunda Temple, should keep a diary of everything of interest that hap-

pened to her, for Dorothy's doll, Susan Araminta Lorraine. Then, best of all, they were to bring back from Philadelphia some one whom Dorothy had never seen, and whose acquaintance she wanted very much to make. Agnes Sylvester, her eldest sister, had married two years before, and was living in Philadelphia, and the children had never seen her baby boy; so you may imagine how much Dorothy wanted them all to come home, particularly Master Dicky Leigh. There were a few tears shed when Dorothy saw them all drive off from grandpapa's, where they had left her; but grandmamma soon comforted her, by taking her over to Mrs. Smith's to drink tea, or rather, as far as she and little Rose Smith were concerned, rich, yellow Alderney milk, with as many strawberries as their plates could hold; and then the walk home through the clover fields by starlight was so pleasant!

The next day, Dorothy ran about the farm till noon; now in the barn to look for fresh-laid eggs in the hay; now with grandpapa to the pasture, to pat the pretty Alderney calves who would come quite close, and lick her hands with their rough tongues, and then jump away and pretend to be frightened when she came a little nearer to them; off again to the dell behind the house to look for wild flowers, until, quite hot, and tired out, she came into the cool front room where grandmamma sat reading in the middle of the afternoon. "You have run too hard, Dot," said grandma, "and have got heated; I can't allow that, or we shall be having the fever back, and then papa and mamma will never lend you to me again. Come, now, go up to your room and take a little rest; then you can come down again when it is cool and pleasant, just before tea."

"I will, grandma; but may I take Fuzzy for company?" Consent was given, so Dot and Fuzzy went upstairs. Fuzzy was a gray kitten, who considered it necessary to be always on the lookout for enemies; for at the slightest noise she would put up her back, and every individual hair on her body would stand straight out. She had met with an accident to her tail in early youth; about an inch had been cut off, and the rest was very thick and bushy; so when she was angry she would make the hairs stand out on it till she looked exactly like a fuzzy ball. Dorothy was devoted to her in spite of her bad temper, which she declared was soured by the loss pussy had met with, and no wonder, for it must be very trying and mortifying to be so different from one's acquaintances. Fuzzy and she were on the best of terms at all times, so when Dorothy caught her up from the porch, where she was comfortably washing herself, she made no resistance, but allowed her little friend to carry her off upstairs.

Dorothy's room looked very quiet and pleasant,

and she nestled down on the soft, white bed, with Fuzzy in her arms, to rest and grow cool.

It was a low, old-fashioned room, with a high bureau and heavy carved cabinet, that had stood in the same place for generations; there was one stiff, straight-backed chair, and two or three others not so old, but much more comfortable; a polished floor that had never known a carpet, but which had now a new, pretty rug spread over it; and best of all, a wide, low, western window through which, this hot summer day, came the drowsy hum of insects, the ceaseless distant noise of falling water, and the steady whir of the mill-wheel. The house was the oldest for many miles around, and there had been fewer alterations in this room than in any other. The Pattens had never been a race who loved change, so the high clock that had ticked the minutes, and struck the hours for a hundred years past, still stood at the head of the stairs. The long mirror, with peacocks cut in relief on its heavy wooden frame, yet hung over the dining-room mantel, and now reflected the rosy-cheeked Sylvester children, as it had reflected the little Ruths, Dorothys, Edwards, of years ago; or the ruffles, puffs, brocades, and powdered hair of their elders; there was still in grandmamma's room the rosewood secretary, with its secret drawer, which little Dot held in such awe, and about which she had made up so many stories. In the dining-room hung the powder-horn which the private in great-grandfather's regiment had given him, with the plan of his native New England town cleverly cut upon it; the streets laid out in regular order, and the queer old meeting-houses, steeples, windows, and all marked out with exactness in their places.

All these things, and many others, our Dorothy loved to look at; and now her thoughts wandered back to the little girl who had lived in this same room a hundred years before. Many stories of her childhood and girlhood in those exciting, troublous times of the Revolution were familiar to all the Sylvesters, as were also those of the calm, sweet old age, which she had come back to spend in her early home. Grandpapa had often told them, that the memory of such a life as hers was a better heritage than old house or lands; and it always seemed to Dorothy that something especially bright and secret lingered about the place where so much of this good life had been spent. Now, as she lay on the bed she began to think about the old room that had looked so nearly the same for so many years.

"I wonder," she thought, "what sort of a little girl that first Dorothy Patten was! There's that picture of her down-stairs, in a cap. How funny to think she was ever little like me, when she lived ever so long ago. There was the first Dorothy that lived in this very room a hundred years ago; then

there was her little Dorothy Patten Sylvester; then her son, that's grandpa, had his Dorothy; then there's me, called for Aunt Dorothea; always a Dorothy for a hundred years. I'm so glad old Uncle Edward Patten—I've never told you this, Fuzzy, and you're so intimate you ought to know—mamma says family affairs ought n't to be talked of to strangers; but I don't mind telling you, Fuzzy, if you promise never to tell Mrs. Smith's Blackey; but you see when Uncle Edward, whom I never saw, 'cause it was years and years ago, died, he said in his will that grandpa was to come and live here; and I'm so glad, for it's the nicest place that ever was, and grandma said it was so funny that I should have the very room my great—great—great—oh, I don't know how many greats—grandmother, another Dorothy had, a hundred years ago. I wonder did they call her Dolly, or Dot, as they do me? How many names! Dorothea—Dorothy—Dolly—D-o-t; "that was the end of the little girl's thinking; and Fuzzy, who had watched her closely, till she was quite sure she was asleep, bounded from the bed, and ran down-stairs to her old place on the porch to finish her washing.

"Dorothy, daughter, come down to me!"

"Yes, mother."

Dorothy answered the call at once, but she thought as she went that something unfamiliar had been drawn like a veil over everything she was accustomed to since the last time she had passed through the halls and down the stair-way. It was Mrs. Sylvester, certainly; but her little girl had never seen her in such a dress. Her dark hair was rolled up very high over a cushion; she wore a straight, narrow, brocaded over-dress, with a petticoat of darker stuff showing beneath it; sleeves, tight to the elbow, and flowing below; and muslin folded over her neck, showing her white, slender throat. She held an open letter in her hand, and looked troubled.

"My child, Deacon Peter Johnson has just driven here in his chaise. He left Dalford yesterday, stayed the night at the Red Lion tavern, and came here the first place. He brings me this letter from your grandmother; she writes she is sick, and has a wish to see me; I will go this afternoon, taking you with me. The coach passes through at half-past three, so we must at once put our things in the little hair trunk. Do you go up and lay out on the bed your tippet and best dress, together with your bonnet; put out also the other needful things for yourself and me against I come up, and be careful that you do not drop upon the floor the fresh sprigs of lavender I laid in your drawer the last Thursday."

"But, mother, in that gown?" rose to Dorothy's

lips. "Assuredly, my child; one must make a good appearance, you know." And her mother looked complacently down on the dress that had struck her daughter so strangely. Dorothy turned slowly to go up the stairs, for the habit of obedience was strong, but much she wondered to herself.

"Grandma sick at Dalford! Why, she had left her but a little while before, perfectly well, down-stairs. Tippet! Straw bonnet! What did it mean? She felt sure that when she opened the old cabinet she would find her pretty brown suit and hat with the daisies. She opened it, however, and looked in. There, folded neatly away, with a white cloth over, on which were scattered sprigs of lavender, lay a brocaded dress with a tippet and black silk apron; and in the closet above, a straw hat of immense size, trimmed with a blue ribbon. Carefully did Dorothy lift them out and lay them on the bed.

"Be quick, Dorothy; be quick. The coach will be here presently. Your knitting, child." Dorothy gave her mother the half-knit stocking, and stood silently by as she rapidly and neatly packed the little hair trunk, closely studded with nails; leaving out the hat for her to wear on the journey. A few more preparations for herself, and then they both came down to the door.

"You will take good care of the house, Deborah, till my return," said Mrs. Sylvester, turning to the old colored woman. "Now call Silas to follow with our trunk. Good-day."

As Dorothy stepped out of the door she was conscious of a strangeness in the objects around her; the country was familiar, and yet not what she had ever before seen. Where was the stable? Where was Mr. Wright's new house? And, why, there was a clover field instead of Mrs. Smith's brown cottage. She would have asked her mother; but Mrs. Sylvester looked so troubled, and walked on so fast, that the child could hardly keep up with her. Silas marched behind, in a blue coat and knee-breeches, carrying the light little trunk. As they went on, Dorothy looked in vain for the station and the railroad, but presently her attention was attracted by a singular-looking object that had just appeared at the turn of the road beyond them. It was some sort of a vehicle, for it was drawn by four horses who were dashing along the road quite fast, while the driver shouted to encourage them, and flourished his whip in the air.

The stage-coach, for this it proved to be, was painted bright yellow, and was very high indeed. Mrs. Sylvester exclaimed in delight at seeing it, and said:

"There, I thought if we came on this road we would just be in time. We should have missed it if we had gone to the tavern. Stop them, Silas."

They moved to the side of the road and waited,

while Silas flourished hat and stick and grew quite hoarse shouting to the driver to stop. He saw them and drew up his horses. The steps were let down, and a gentleman sprang out to help them. Dorothy thought she could never get up into that high thing, but she managed to do it with the assistance of the strange gentleman and Silas. There was one lady in the coach, but she and the gentleman were the only passengers beside themselves. Dorothy looked in wonder at the lady's bonnet. It had quite a small crown, but flared out to an immense size in front, coming away out beyond the face. A

plete suit of drab, made, however, in the same fashion as that of Silas; his hair was quite long and powdered, and fastened in a queue behind.

"Did thee ever travel by coach before, my little friend?" he said presently.

"No, sir," answered Dorothy, timidly, "and I do not like it very much."

"Perhaps thee is afraid to go so fast; but we are quite safe—there is no need to fear."

"Oh, that is not it at all," she answered; but stopped suddenly, quite unable to tell the gentleman that she liked the cars better because they



"DID THEE EVER TRAVEL BY COACH BEFORE, MY LITTLE FRIEND?"

yellow ribbon was fastened around the crown, over which curled a white feather, and from it all floated a gossamer veil. She also wore slippers and black mitts, and carried a reticule. For the first time, then, Dorothy noticed that her mother wore a bonnet almost exactly similar, but trimmed with pink. This surprised her very much, but she was on the lookout now for astonishing things. She soon became tired out with the jolting and disagreeable swaying of the high coach, but her mother and the lady talked on serenely, seeming quite at ease and comfortable.

Presently the gentleman looked kindly at her, and she was struck with the benevolent expression of his face; she also noticed that he wore a com-

were so much faster. Somehow she could not say the words; she felt that they would be utterly unmeaning to the serene old gentleman opposite. So she kept quiet and listened to what her mother was saying to the lady.

"My husband is at present at New York with General Washington. I expect, daily, news from him, for it is three weeks since I have heard, and there is so much to fear with this continual fighting. Can you kindly tell me, sir," she said, turning to the old gentleman, "what is the latest news from our troops?"

"The last I have heard, friend," said he, in reply, "is that matters are quiet just now. General Howe has established his head-quarters at Staten

Island, and an attack is soon expected. It is much to be desired," he added, earnestly, "that some means may be found for averting more bloodshed, and at the same time preserving us in our rights."

Dorothy spoke now, but the words came in quite a different form from that she was accustomed to.

"Honored sir," she said, sedately, "is there not something at present happening in the city of Philadelphia? Many persons whom I know have gone thither to attend the C—C—C——" She could not form the word she wanted, and the gentleman came to her assistance.

"Congress," you mean, my child," he said, and though she was perfectly certain she did not mean it, she was unable to say a single word. "Yes, Congress is meeting there, and we may trust it will find some remedy for our sorrows. The state of our land is indeed miserable."

Dorothy said nothing more during the journey, for she was trying to understand what everybody and everything meant. They did not stay overnight at the inn, as the coach went on, and her mother was anxious to reach Dalford. They said good-bye to the kind Quaker gentleman, whom Mrs. Sylvester called Friend Timothy, and later in the evening to the lady.

It was quite late when they reached her grandmother's, and Dorothy had not yet been able to ask her mother how it happened that her father was at New York, and there was fighting there. Mrs. Sylvester engaged a man to carry her little trunk to Mistress Patten's, and the little girl followed her lead over unfamiliar paths till they stopped in front of a low red farm-house. Her mother paid the man, who went off, and Dorothy and she entered the house. The little girl looked round with curiosity. The room was long and low, with a huge fire-place at one end; the floor was well sanded; and on a table in the middle of the room were set cups and saucers, while an old colored woman stood in front of the fire stirring something in a pot. She turned as they entered, and eagerly welcomed her visitors, saying her mistress was much better. Mrs. Sylvester hurried into the next room to see the old lady, leaving Dorothy in the kitchen, and she employed her time in looking around her.

The room was spotlessly neat; in one corner stood a spinning-wheel, and near it a distaff and spindle, and a tall vase of flowers stood in the window.

Mrs. Sylvester soon returned, and told Dorothy to go upstairs and lay off her bonnet and tippet. When she came down again, old Rachel, the colored woman was still at work in the kitchen, but she said nothing to the child, who sat down quietly in a corner. Now came a time of confusion to Dorothy.

The room was lighted by one tallow candle and the fire-light; the latter made strange dancing shadows on the wall and ceiling, which took all sorts of forms to Dorothy's imagination. Sometimes they made a tumbling coach and dashing horses; sometimes a lady whose bonnet and feather grew bigger and bigger; sometimes a company of soldiers marching, but always, she noticed, they wore Continental uniforms; and through all she would catch the old colored woman looking at her with a grin, and showing the whites of her eyes. She would speak, but Rachel never would answer; again she would try to speak and could not, and the old woman would laugh harder than ever at her attempts. She would shut her eyes, but all the time she was sure she was being laughed at, and when she opened them again, there was the old woman watching her still. Sometimes it was night and sometimes morning, but Rachel's grinning never changed or stopped. This went on for hours, it seemed to Dorothy, till at last she felt herself growing very hungry, and, after making a great many vain efforts, she managed to say:

"I'm so hungry; when are we going to have something to eat, and wont you please just stop looking at me?"

The old woman, still laughing, answered:

"I's gwine to grin till Congress tells me to stop, and when I gets orders from Philadelphia, I'll git yers suthin to eat. We does everything here by orders from Congress, and I guess we's gwine to git a message now by the runnin' outside."

Sure enough there was a tumult in the village, and Dorothy, her mother, her grandmother, Rachel, and the black cat, all ran out to see what the noise was about. It was bright daylight now; a crowd was gathered in the village around a horseman, who had spurred his weary horse up to the inn door. The man's face was hot and red; his blue coat, yellow waistcoat, and drab knee-breeches, and even his cocked hat, were splashed with mud. He looked quite exhausted, as if he had ridden day and night, as indeed he had, from Philadelphia. He waved his whip in the air, however, and shouted: "Henceforth we are Free and Independent States! The Declaration of Independence is signed!"

Shouting and cheering followed.

Dorothy slowly opened her eyes, and looked about her in a bewildered way.

"How I have slept," she said at last, "and what a strange dream! I've been 'way back to the Revolution."

She rubbed her eyes, and looked down on her dress, to make sure that she had on her cambric, and not that funny straight gown with the black silk apron. Then she looked around the room, almost expecting to see the lady in the queer bonnet, the

old Quaker gentleman, or grinning Rachel; but she saw only the carved cabinet standing in the corner, the high bureau, the chairs, and the rays of the afternoon sun streaming through the window. Dorothy sat musing on the bed, then shook herself fairly awake, and rose to dress for tea.

I cannot explain to you the mystery of my story. Was the dream intended to have fallen gently upon the closed eyelids of Dorothy the first, a hundred years ago; and had it instead lain hidden in the

old room for a century, perhaps in the queer old carved cabinet, perhaps lingering about the wainscotted corners, or in the shadows of the sloping roof, waiting till Dorothy the second should fall asleep in 1876? I cannot tell you how it was, but I am sure it was very puzzling to our Dorothy to leave the sunshine and reality of living childhood and wander back through the shadows of a hundred years, to enter into the life and borrow the dream of her little girl great-grandmother.

THE MODERN AND MEDIÆVAL BALLAD OF MARY JANE.

BY HENRY BALDWIN.

[This is a shadow-play, which can be performed in any parlor. A sheet is hung between the audience and the performers, who, by the proper arrangement of light (which can best be attained by experiment), throw their shadows on the sheet. Somebody hidden from the audience reads the ballad aloud.]

I.

It was a maiden beauteous—
Her name was Mary Jane;
To teach the district school she walked
Each morning down the lane.

[She passes and repasses behind the curtain.

Well skilled was she in needle-work,
Egyptian she could speak,
Could manufacture griddle-cakes,
And jest in ancient Greek.

Deep sighed that bold, admiring swain;
The maid vouchsafed no look—
She munched a sprig of meetin' seed,
And read her spelling-book.

[She enters at left, and halts.

A low obeisance made he then;
Right bravely did he speak:
"There is no rose so fair," he said,
"As that upon thy cheek!"



THE STALWART BENJAMIN.

It was the stalwart Benjamin,
Who hoed his father's corn;
He saw the lovely maiden pass,
At breaking of the morn.

[He enters at left.



THE BEAUTEOUS MARY JANE.

"And many a brooch and silken gown
Will I bestow on thee,
If thou wilt leave thy father's house
And come and marry me."

Then proudly spake that lovely maid:
 "Thy corn-patch thou may'st till!
 I haste to teach the infant mind,
 On yonder lofty hill.

"Though never golden brooch have I,
 Though silken gown I lack,
 I will not wed an husbandman,
 So take thine offer back!"

Oh, fiercely blow the icy blasts
 When winter days begin!
 But fiercer was the rage that filled
 The heart of Benjamin!

He tore in shreds his raven locks,
 And vowed he'd love no more.
 "Smile on," he cried, "thou haughty maid,
 Thou shalt repent thee sore!"



"HE TORE IN SHREDS HIS RAVEN LOCKS."

The lady turned, she did not speak,
 Her tear-drops fell like rain;

[Tears represented by small pieces of paper.

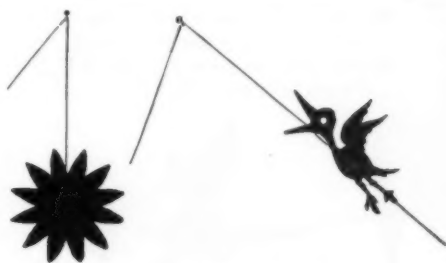
Those plaintive words at last did pierce
 The heart of Mary Jane!

II.

Oh, blithely sang the soaring lark;
 The morning smiled again;
 Up rose the sun, with golden beams,
 And up rose Mary Jane.

[The lark should be made of pasteboard, and a string, passed through his body, should be stretched diagonally across the sheet. By another string fastened to his head, and running over the upper nail, he may be made to soar. The sun should rise by a string passed over a nail in the center, and at the top of the framework on which the sheet is stretched. The lark should be about as large as the sun.

She gat her to her daily task,
 As on the former morn;
 Alack! she spied not Benjamin
 A-hoeing of the corn. [Enter Mary Jane.



THE SUN.

THE SOARING LARK.

No longer, as she trips along,
 Her merry songs she sings;
 The tear-drops dim her pretty eyes,
 Her lily hands she wrings.

"And art thou gone, sweet Benjamin?
 Ah! whither hast thou fled?
 My spelling-book has charms no more;
 I would that I were dead!"

But soon her bitter moan she ceased;
 She viewed her doughty knight,
 Delayed not many leagues from thence,
 And in most grievous plight.

For as he to his husbandry
 That day would fain have passed,
 A monster cow his path beset,
 And sorely him harassed.

Upon the summit of a wall
 He sits, and dares not flee;
 The awful beast its sprangling horns
 Doth brandish frightfully.

[The cow, made of pasteboard, should be fastened to a broom handle, and poked in from one side. The smaller the cow the better.



THE COW HARASSES BENJAMIN.

"Oh, Mary Jane!" he cried, "if you
 But love me, do not stay
 To weep, but lend a friendly hand,
 And drive the cow away!"

Her apron then she quickly takes,
And wipes her streaming eyes;
Not quicker melts the morning dew,
Than to her love she flies.



MARY JANE WAVES HER PARASOL.

The monster turns at her approach,
It shakes its ample tail;
Take heart, O Benjamin! thy love
Will neither quake nor quail.

Her parasol that venturous maid
Exalted o'er her head;
Thrice waved it in the air, and lo!
Straightway the monster fled.



RESCUED!

Then tarried not that joyous pair
Fond vows of love to make,
But to the house of Mary Jane
Themselves they did betake.

[As the cow runs away, Benjamin gets down and approaches Mary Jane till almost close to her. Then, if both lean forward, the above affecting tableau is produced. They then take hands, and the lamp is moved slowly to one side and obscured; this gives them the appearance of walking, and allows the father to enter; after which the lamp is moved back, and the lovers re-enter.

And out spake grateful Benjamin:
"Forsooth, I had been dead,

Had Mary Jane not saved my life,—
And her I fain would wed."

Up spake her aged sire then;
Full wrathfully spake he:
"How darest thou, thou popinjay,
To ask such thing of me?"

"For wert thou but a millionaire,
Then would I not demur;
Now thou art but an husbandman,
And she—a school-teacher!"

Oh, sorely, sorely did they grieve!
The cruel parient's heart
Inflexible as stone remained,
And they were torn apart.

[He motions them apart.



THE AGED SIRE IS WRATHFUL.

III.

And now has come Lord Mortimer,
A-suing for her hand;
A richer nobleman than he
Is not in all the land.



LORD MORTIMER.

Upon his lordly knees he sank,
On bended knee he fell;
"And wilt thou not, fair Mary Jane,
Within my castle dwell?"



"GET HENCE! AVAUNT! I SCORN THY GOLD."

"Thou walkest now with weary feet,
But thou shalt ride in state;
And dine and sup, like any queen,
Off my ancestral plate."

Right scornfully that angry maid
Her dainty nose upturned!
She waved her lily hand, and thus
His tempting offer spurned:

"Get hence! avaunt! I scorn thy gold,
Likewise thy pedigree!
I plighted troth to Benjamin,
Who sails the briny sea."

[Exit Mortimer, enter father.



THE FATHER ENTERS.

"Nay, verily," her father said,
"Braid up thy golden hair;
Prepare to die, if thou wilt not
For nuptials prepare!"

[Flourishes pasteboard knife.

She braided up her golden hair
With jewels bright, eft soon;
She clad her in her twice dyed gown,
And eke her thrice patched shoon.

"Oh, Benjamin! Oh, Benjamin!"
Was all that she could say;
She wist not but that he was dead,
Or thousand leagues away.

IV.

Alack for Mary Jane! the knife
Hangs glittering o'er her head!
Before the altar, Mortimer
Waits his fair bride to wed.

"Who knocks upon the outer gate?
Oh, father, quickly hie!"
"T is but the grimy charcoal man;
We have no time to buy!"



"HER SHRIEKS NO MERCY WIN."

"Methinks I hear the area-bell;
Oh, father, quickly speed!"
"T is but a pesky book-agent;
Thou hast no time to read!"

The fatal knife descends, descends!
Her shrieks no mercy win!
When lo, a shout!—the door gives way!
In rushes Benjamin!



"I NOW RETURN, A TRILLIONAIRE."

"Full many a year, a pirate bold,
I've sailed the Spanish main;
I now return, a trillionaire,
To claim thee, Mary Jane!"

Out spake her happy sire then:
 "Can I my eyes believe?
 Upon your knees, my children dear,
 My blessing to receive!"

Alas for luckless Mortimer,
 Of love the hopeless dupe!
 He gave up all his title deeds,
 And joined a circus troupe.

But merrily the bells did ring,
 Loud was the cannon's din,
 Upon the day when Mary Jane
 Was wed to Benjamin!

[A low step-ladder, or table covered with a cloth, may be used for the wall. Mary Jane's bonnet can be made of a newspaper. Her father may wear a water-proof cloak, belted in, if a dressing-gown is not obtainable.

MABEL AND I.

(A Fairy Tale.)

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

I.

"I WANT to see things as they are," said I to Mabel.

"I don't see how else you can see them," answered Mabel, with a laugh. "You certainly don't see them as they are not."

"Yes, I do," said I. "I see men and things only as they *seem*. It is so exasperating to think that I can never get beyond the surface of anything. My friends may appear very good and beautiful to me, and yet I may all the while have a suspicion that the appearance is deceitful, that they are really neither good nor beautiful."

"In case that was so, I should n't want to know it," said Mabel. "It would make me very unhappy."

"That is where you and I differ," said I.

Mabel was silent for a moment, and I believe she was a little hurt, for I had spoken rather sharply.

"But what good would it do you, Jamie?" asked she, looking up at me from under her wide-brimmed straw hat.

"What would do me good?" said I, for I had quite forgotten what we had been talking about.

"To see things as they are. There is my father now; he knows a great deal, and I am sure I should n't care to know any more than he does."

"Well, that is where you and I differ," said I again.

"I wish you would n't be always saying 'that is where you and I differ.' Somehow I don't like to hear you say it. It does n't sound like yourself."

And Mabel turned away from me, took up a leaf from the ground and began to pick it to pieces.

We were sitting, at the time when this conversation took place, up in the gorge not half a mile

from the house where Mabel's father lived. I was a tutor in the college, about twenty-three years old, and I was very fond of German philosophy. And now, since I have told who I was, I suppose I ought to tell you something about Mabel. Mabel was,—but really it is impossible to say what she was, except that she was very, very charming. As for the rest, she was the daughter of Professor Markham, and I had known her since my college days when she was quite a little girl. And now she wore long dresses; and, what was more, she had her hair done up in a sort of Egyptian pyramid on the top of her head. The dress she had on to-day I was particularly fond of; it was of a fine light texture, and the pattern was an endless repetition of a small sweet-brier bud, with two delicate green leaves attached to it.

I had spread a shawl out on the ground where Mabel was sitting, for fear she should soil her fine dress. A large weeping-willow spread its branches all around us, and drooped until it almost touched the ground, so that it made a sort of green, sun-lit summer-house for Mabel and me to live in. Between the rocks at our feet a clear brook came rushing down, throwing before it little showers of spray, which fell like crystal pearls on the water, sailed down the swift eddies and then vanished in the next whirlpool. A couple of orioles in brand-new yellow uniforms, with black epaulets on their shoulders, were busy in the tree over our heads, but stopped now and then in their work to refresh themselves with a little impromptu duet.

"Work and play
 Make glad the day,"—

that seemed to be their philosophy, and Mabel and

I were quite ready to agree with them, although we had been idling since the early dawn. But then it was so long since we had seen each other, that we thought we could afford it.

"Somehow," said Mabel at last (for she never could pout long at a time), "I don't like you so well since you came back from Germany. You are not as nice as you used to be. What did you go there for, anyway?"

"Why," I responded, quite seriously, "I went there to study; and I did learn a good deal there, although naturally I was not as industrious as I might have been."

"I can readily believe that. But, tell me, what did you learn that you might n't just as well have learned at home?"

I thought it was no use in being serious any longer; so I tossed a pebble into the water, glanced up into Mabel's face and answered gayly:

"Well, I learned something about gnomes, and pigmies, and elves, and fairies, and salamanders, and ——"

"And what?" interrupted Mabel, impatiently.

"And salamanders," repeated I. "You know the forests, and rivers, and mountains of Germany are full of all sorts of strange sprites, and you know the people believe in them, and that is one of the things which make life in the Old World so fascinating. But here we are too prosy, and practical, and business-like, and we don't believe in anything except what we can touch with our hands, and see with our eyes, and sell for money."

"Now, Jamie, that is not true," responded Mabel, energetically; for she was a strong American at heart, and it did n't take much to rouse her. "I believe, for instance, that you know a great deal, although not as much as my father; but I can't see your learning with my eyes, neither can I touch it with my hands ——"

"But I hope I can sell it for money," interrupted I, laughing.

"No, joking aside. I don't think we are quite as bad as you would like to make us out."

"And then you think, perhaps, that the gnomes and river-sprites would be as apt to thrive here as in the Old World?"

"Who knows?" said Mabel, with an expression that seemed to me half serious, half grave. "But I wish you would tell me something about your German sprites. I am so very ignorant in such things, you know."

I stretched myself comfortably on the edge of the shawl at Mabel's feet, and began to tell her the story about the German peasant who caught the gnome that had robbed his wheat-field.

"The gnomes wear tiny red caps," I went on, "which make them invisible. They are called tarn-

caps, or caps of darkness. The peasant that I am telling about had a suspicion that it was the gnomes who had been stealing his wheat. One evening, he went out after sunset (for the gnomes never venture out from their holes until the sun is down) and began to fight in the air with his cane about the borders of the field. Then suddenly he saw a very tiny man with knee-breeches and large frightened eyes, turning a somersault in the grass right at his feet. He had struck off his cap, and then, of course, the gnome was no longer invisible. The peasant immediately seized the cap and put it into his pocket; the gnome begged and implored to get it back, but instead of that, the peasant caught him up in his arms and carried him to his house, where he kept him as a captive until the other gnomes sent a herald to him and offered him a large ransom. Then the gnome was again set free and the peasant made his fortune by the transaction."

"Would n't it be delightful if such things could ever happen here?" exclaimed Mabel, while her beautiful eyes shone with pleasure at the very thought.

"I should think so," said I. "It is said, too, that if there are gnomes and elves in the neighborhood, they always gather around you when you talk about them."

"Really?" And Mabel sent a timid glance in among the large mossy trunks of the beeches and pines.

"Tell me something more, Jamie," she demanded, eagerly.

Mabel had such a charming way of saying "Jamie," that I could never have opposed a wish of hers, whatever it might be. The professor called me James, and among my friends I was Jim; but it was only Mabel who called me Jamie. So I told her all I knew about the nixies, who sang their strange songs at midnight in the water; about the elves, who lived in the roses and lilies, and danced in a ring around the tall flowers until the grass never grew there again; and about the elf-maiden who led the knight astray when he was riding to his bride on his wedding-day. And all the while Mabel's eyes seemed to be growing larger; the blood burned in her cheeks, and sometimes she shuddered, although the afternoon was very warm. When I had finished my tale, I rose and seated myself at her side. The silence suddenly seemed quite oppressive; it was almost as if we could hear it. For some reason neither Mabel nor I dared to speak; but we both strained our ears listening to something, we did not know what. Then there came a strange soft whisper which filled the air all about us, and I thought I heard somebody calling my name.

"They are calling you, Jamie," whispered Mabel.

"Calling me? Who?" said I.

"Up there in the tree. No, not there. It is down in the brook. Everywhere."

"Oh," cried I, with a forced laugh. "We are two great children, Mabel. It is nothing."

Suddenly all was silent once more; but the wood-stars and violets at my feet gazed at me with

"But you know we were talking about them," whispered she, still with the same fascinated gaze in her eyes. "Ah, there, take care! Don't step on that violet. Don't you see how its mute eyes implore you to spare its life?"

"Yes, dear, I see," answered I; and I drew Mabel's arm through mine, and we hurried down the wood-path, not daring to look back, for we had



MABEL IN HER SWEET-BRIER DRESS.

such strange, wistful eyes, that I was almost frightened.

"You should n't have done that, Jamie," said Mabel, "You killed them."

"Killed what?"

"The voices, the strange, small voices."

"My dear girl," said I, as I took Mabel's hands and helped her to rise. "I am afraid we are both losing our senses. Come, let us go. The sun is already down. It must be after tea-time."

both a feeling as if some one was walking close behind us, in our steps.

II.

IT was a little after ten, I think, when I left the professor's house, where I had been spending the evening, and started on my homeward way.

As I walked along the road the thought of Mabel haunted me. I wondered whether I ever should be a professor, like her father, and ended with con-

clud
a pr
But
any
mur
very
know
T
but
up t
larg
close
whic
acro
after
or le
turn
ing
and
locu
ring
hissi
weak
as if
eyed
their
The
falls
me,
way,
ledge
"
getti
In
whic
turn
bank
rang
As
whic
two
direc
"
grou
I p
I mi
certa
the t
came
cane
can i
me I
sized
the c
put i
to m

cluding that the next best thing to being one's self a professor would be to be a professor's son-in-law. But somehow I was n't at all sure that Mabel cared anything about me.

"Things are not what they seem," I murmured to myself, "and the real Mabel may be a very different creature from the Mabel whom I know."

There was not much comfort in that thought, but nevertheless I could not get rid of it. I glanced up to the big round face of the moon, which had a large ring of mist about its neck; and looking more closely I thought I saw a huge floundering body, of which the moon was the head, crawling heavily across the sky and stretching a long misty arm after me. I hurried on, not caring to look right or left; and I suppose I must have taken the wrong turn, for as I lifted my eyes, I found myself standing under the willow-tree at the creek where Mabel and I had been sitting in the afternoon. The locusts, with their shrill metallic voices, kept whirling away in the grass, and I heard their strange hissing sh-h-h-h-h, now growing stronger, then weakening again, and at last stopping abruptly, as if to say: "Did n't I do well?" But the blue-eyed violets shook their heads, and that means in their language: "No, I don't think so at all." The water, which descended in three successive falls into the wide dome-shaped gorge, seemed to me, as I stood gazing at it, to be going the wrong way, crawling, with eager, foamy hands, up the ledges of the rock to where I was standing.

"I must certainly be mad," thought I, "or I am getting to be a poet."

In order to rid myself of the painful illusion, which was every moment getting more vivid, I turned my eyes away and hurried up along the banks, while the beseeching murmur of the waters rang in my ears.

As I had ascended the clumsy wooden stairs which lead up to the second fall, I suddenly saw two little blue lights hovering over the ground directly in front of me.

"Will-o'-the-wisps," said I to myself. "The ground is probably swampy."

I pounded with my cane on the ground, but, as I might have known, it was solid rock. It was certainly very strange. I flung myself down behind the trunk of a large hemlock. The two blue lights came hovering directly toward me. I lifted my cane,—with a swift blow it cut the air, and,—who can imagine my astonishment? Right in front of me I saw a tiny man, not much bigger than a good-sized kitten, and at his side lay a small red cap; the cap, of course, I immediately snatched up and put it in a separate apartment in my pocket-book to make sure that I should not lose it. One of the

lights hastened away to the rocks and vanished before I could overtake it.

There was something so very funny in the idea of finding a gnome in the State of New York, that the strange fear which had possessed me departed, and I felt very much inclined to laugh. My blow had quite stunned the poor little creature; he was still lying half on his back, as if trying to raise himself on his elbows, and his large black eyes had a terrified stare in them, and seemed to be ready to spring out of their sockets.

"Give—give me back my cap," he gasped at last, in a strange metallic voice, which sounded to me like the clinking of silver coins.

"Not so fast, my dear," said I. "What will you give me for it?"

"Anything," he cried, as he arose and held out his small hand.

"Then listen to me," continued I. "Can you help me to see things as they are? In that case I shall give you back your cap, but on no other condition."

"See things as they are?" repeated the gnome, wonderingly.

"Yes, and not only as they seem," rejoined I, with emphasis.

"Return here at midnight," began he, after a long silence. "Upon the stone where you are sitting you shall find what you want. If you take it, leave my cap on the same spot."

"That is a fair bargain," said I. "I shall be here promptly at twelve. Good-night."

I had extended my palm to shake hands with my new friend, but he seemed to resent my politeness; with a sort of snarl, he turned a somersault and rolled down the hill-side to where the rocks rise from the water.

I need not say that I kept my promise about returning. And what did I find? A pair of spectacles of the most exquisite workmanship; the glasses so clear as almost to deceive the sight, and the setting of gold spun into fine elastic threads.

"We shall soon see what they are good for," thought I, as I put them into the silver case, the wonderful finish of which I could hardly distinguish by the misty light of the moon.

The little tarn-cap I of course left on the stone. As I wandered homeward through the woods, I thought, with a certain fierce triumph, that now the beauty of Mabel's face should no more deceive me.

"Now, Mabel," I murmured, "now I shall see you as you are."

III.

AT three o'clock in the afternoon, I knocked at the door of the professor's study.

"Come in," said the professor.

"Is—is Mabel at home?" asked I, when I had shaken hands with the professor and seated myself in one of his hard, straight-backed chairs.

"She will be down presently," answered he. "There is a newspaper. You may amuse yourself with that until she comes."

I took up the paper; but the spectacles seemed to be burning in my breast-pocket, and although I stared intently on the print, I could hardly distinguish a word. What if I tried the power of the spectacles on the professor? The idea appeared to me a happy one, and I immediately proceeded to put it into practice. With a loudly beating heart, I pulled the silver case from my pocket, rubbed the glasses with my handkerchief, put them on my nose, adjusted the bows behind my ears, and cast a stealthy glance at the professor over the edge of my paper. But what was my horror! It was no longer the professor at all. It was a huge parrot, a veritable parrot in slippers and dressing-gown! I dared hardly believe my senses. Was the professor *really* not a man, but a parrot? My dear trusted and honored teacher, whom I had always looked upon as the wisest and most learned of living men, could it be possible that *he* was a parrot? And still there he sat, grave and sedate, a pair of horn spectacles on his large, crooked beak, a few stiff feathers bristling around his bald crown, and his small eyes blinking with a sort of meaningless air of confidence, as I often had seen a parrot's eyes doing.

"My gnome has been playing a trick on me," I thought. "This is certainly not to see things as they are. If I only had his tarn-cap once more, he should not recover it so cheaply."

"Well, my boy," began the professor, as he wheeled round in his chair, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the polished andirons which adorned the empty fire-place. "How is the world using you? Getting over your German whims, eh?"

Surely the spectacles must in some mysterious way have affected my ears too. The professor's voice certainly did sound very curious—very much like the croak of some bird that had learned human language, but had no notion of what he was saying. The case was really getting serious. I threw the paper away, stared my teacher full in the face, but was so covered with confusion that I could hardly utter two coherent words.

"Yes, yes,—certainly,—professor," I stammered. "German whims?—I mean things as they are—and—and not as they seem—*das Ding an sich*—beg your pardon—I am not sure, I—I comprehended your meaning—beg your pardon?"

"My dear boy," croaked the professor, opening

his beak in great bewilderment, and showing a little thick red tongue, which curved upward like that of a parrot, "you are certainly not well. Mabel! Mabel! Come down! James is ill! Yes, you certainly look wretchedly. Let me feel your pulse."

I suppose my face must have been very much flushed, for the blood had mounted to my head and throbbed feverishly in my temples. As I heard the patter of Mabel's feet in the hall, a great dread came over me. What if she too should turn out to be somebody else—a strange bird or beast? No, not for all the world would I see Mabel—the dear, blessed Mabel—any differently from what she had always seemed to me. So I tore the spectacles from my nose and crammed them into the case, which again I thrust into my pocket. In the same instant, Mabel's sweet face appeared in the door.

"Did you call me, papa?" she said; then, as she saw me reclining on the sofa, where her father (now no longer a parrot) had forced me to lie down, there came a sudden fright into her beautiful eyes, and she sprang to my side and seized my hand in hers.

"Are you ill, Jamie?" she asked, in a voice of unfeigned anxiety, which went straight to my heart. "Has anything happened to you?"

"Hush, hush!" said the professor. "Don't make him speak. It might have proved a serious attack. Too much studying, my dear—too much studying. To be sure, the ambition of young men nowadays is past belief. It was different in my youth. Then, every young man was satisfied if he could only make a living—found a home for himself and bring up his family in the fear of God. But now, dear me, such things are mere nursery ambitions."

I felt wretched and guilty in my heart! To be thus imposing upon two good people, who loved me and were willing to make every sacrifice for my comfort! Mabel had brought a pillow and put it under my head; and now she took out some sort of crochet-work, and seated herself on a chair close by me. The professor stood looking at his watch and counting my pulse-beats.

"One hundred and fifteen," he muttered, and shook his bald head. "Yes, he has fever. I saw it at once, as he entered the room."

"Professor," I cried out, in an agony of remorse, "really I meant nothing by it. I know very well that you are not a parrot—that you are —"

"I—I—a parrot!" he exclaimed, smiling knowingly at Mabel. "No, I should think not. He is raving, my dear. High fever. Just what I said. Wont you go out and send Maggie for the doctor?"

No, stop, I shall go myself. Then he will be sure to come without delay. It is high time."

The professor buttoned his coat up to his chin, fixed his hat at the proper angle on the back of his head, and departed in haste.

"How do you feel now, Jamie dear?" said Mabel, after awhile.

"I am very well, I thank you, Mabel," answered

here and playing sick," muttered I, "then, of course, I will do anything to please you."

"That is right," said she, and gave me a friendly nod.

So I lay still for a long while, until I came once more to think of my wonderful spectacles, which had turned the venerable professor into a parrot. I thought I owed Mabel an apology for what I had



"GIVE ME BACK MY CAP!" CRIED THE GNOME."

I. "In fact, it is all nonsense. I am not sick at all."

"Hush, hush! you must not talk so much," demanded she, and put her hand on my mouth.

My excitement was now gradually subsiding, and my blood was returning to its usual speed.

"If you don't object, Mabel," said I, "I'll get up and go home. There's nothing whatever the matter with me."

"Will you be a good boy and keep quiet," rejoined she, emphasizing each word by a gentle tap on my head with her crochet-needle.

"Well, if it can amuse you to have me lying

done to her father, and I determined to ease my mind by confiding the whole story to her.

"Mabel," I began, raising myself on my elbow, "I want to tell you something, but you must promise me beforehand that you will not be angry with me."

"Angry with you, Jamie?" repeated she, opening her bright eyes wide in astonishment. "I never was angry with you in my life."

"Very well, then. But I have done something very bad, and I shall never have peace until I have confided it all to you. You are so very good, Mabel. I wish I could be as good as you are."

Mabel was about to interrupt me, but I prevented her, and continued:

"Last night, as I was going home from your house, the moonlight was so strangely airy and beautiful, and without quite intending to do it, I found myself taking a walk through the gorge. There I saw some curious little lights dancing over the ground, and I remembered the story of the peasant who had caught the gnome. And do you know what I did?"

Mabel was beginning to look apprehensive.

"No, I can't imagine what you did," she whispered.

"Well, I lifted my cane, struck at one of the lights, and, before I knew it, there lay a live gnome on the ground, kicking with his small legs —"

"Jamie! Jamie!" cried Mabel, springing up and gazing at me, as if she thought I had gone mad.

Then there was an unwelcome shuffling of feet in the hall, the door was opened, and the professor entered with the doctor.

"Papa, papa!" exclaimed Mabel, turning to her father. "Do you know what Jamie says? He says he saw a gnome last night in the gorge, and that —"

"Yes, I did!" cried I, excitedly, and sprang up to seize my hat. "If nobody will believe me, I need n't stay here any longer. And if you doubt what I have been saying, I can show you —"

"My dear sir," said the doctor.

"My dear boy," chimed in the professor, and seized me round the waist to prevent me from escaping.

"My dear Jamie," implored Mabel, while the tears started to her eyes, "do keep quiet, do!"

The doctor and the professor now forced me back upon the sofa, and I had once more to resign myself to my fate.

"A most singular hallucination," said the professor, turning his round, good-natured face to the doctor. "A moment ago he observed that I was *not* a parrot, which necessarily must have been suggested by a previous hallucination that I *was* a parrot."

The doctor shook his head and looked grave.

"Possibly a very serious case," said he, "a case of —," and he gave it a long Latin name, which I failed to catch. "It is well that I was called in time. We may still succeed in mastering the disease."

"Too much study?" suggested the professor.

"Restless ambition? Night labor—severe application?"

The doctor nodded and tried to look wise. Mabel burst into tears, and I myself, seeing her distress, could hardly refrain from weeping. And still I

could not help thinking that it was very sweet to see Mabel's tears flowing for my sake.

The doctor now sat down and wrote a number of curiously abbreviated Latin words for a prescription, and handed it to the professor, who folded it up and put it into his pocket-book.

Half an hour later, I lay in a soft bed with snowy-white curtains, in a cozy little room upstairs. The shades had been pulled down before the windows, a number of medicine bottles stood on a chair at my bedside, and I began to feel quite like an invalid—and all because I had said (what nobody could deny) that the professor was not a parrot.

IV.

I SOON learned that the easiest way to recover my liberty was to offer no resistance, and to say nothing more about the gnome and the spectacles. Mabel came and sat by my bedside for a few hours every afternoon, and her father visited me regularly three times a day, felt my pulse and gave me a short lecture on moderation in study, on the evil effects of ambition, and on the dangerous tendencies of modern speculation.

The gnome's spectacles I kept hidden under my pillow, and many a time when Mabel was with me I felt a strong temptation to try their effect upon her. Was Mabel really as good and beautiful as she seemed to me? Often I had my hand on the dangerous glasses, but always the same dread came over me, and my courage failed me. That sweet, fair, beautiful face,—what could it be, if it was not what it seemed? No, no, I loved Mabel too well as she seemed, to wish to know whether she was a delusion or a reality. What good would it do me if I found out that she too was a parrot, or a goose, or any other kind of bird or beast? The fairest hope would go out of my life, and I should have little or nothing left worth living for. I must confess that my curiosity often tormented me beyond endurance, but, as I said, I could never muster courage enough either to conquer it or to yield to it. Thus, when at the end of a week I was allowed to sit up, I knew no more about Mabel's real character than I had known before. I saw that she was patient, kind-hearted, sweet-tempered,—that her comings and goings were as quiet and pleasant as those of the sunlight which now stole in unhindered and again vanished through the uncurtained windows. And, after all, had I not known that always? One thing, however, I now knew better than before, and that was that I never could love anybody as I loved Mabel, and that I hoped some time to make her my wife.

A couple of days elapsed, and then I was permitted to return to my own lonely rooms. And very dreary and desolate did they seem to me after

the pleasant days I had spent, playing sick, with Mabel and the professor. I did try once or twice the effect of my spectacles on some of my friends, and always the result was astonishing. Once I put them on in church, and the minister, who had the reputation of being a very pious man, suddenly stood before me as a huge fox in gown and bands. His voice sounded like a sort of bark, and his long snout opened and shut again in such a funny fashion that I came near laughing aloud. But, fortunately, I checked myself and looked for a moment at a couple of old maids in the pew opposite. And, whether you will believe me or not, they looked exactly like two dressed-up magpies, while the stout old gentleman next to them had the appearance of a sedate and pious turkey-cock. As he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose—I mean his bill—the laughter again came over me, and I had to stoop down in the pew and smother my merriment. An old chum of mine, who was a famous sportsman and a great favorite with the ladies, turned out to be a bull-dog, and as he adjusted his neck-tie and pulled up his collar around his thick, hairy neck, I had once more to hide my face in order to preserve my gravity.

I am afraid, if I had gone on with my observations, I should have lost my faith in many a man and woman whom I had previously trusted and admired, for they were probably not all as good and amiable as they appeared. However, I could not help asking myself, as Mabel had done, what good such a knowledge would, in the end, do me. Was it not better to believe everybody good, until convinced to the contrary, than to distrust everybody and by your suspicion do injustice to those who were really better than they seemed? After all, I thought, these spectacles are making me morbid and suspicious; they are a dangerous and useless thing to possess. I will return them to their real owner.

This, then, was my determination. A little before sunset, I started for the gorge, and on my way I met a little girl playing with pebbles at the roadside. My curiosity once more possessed me. I put on the gnome's spectacles and gazed intently at the child. Strange to say no transformation occurred. I took off the glasses, rubbed them with my handkerchief, and put them on once more. The child still remained what it seemed—a child; not a feature was changed. Here, then, was really a creature that was neither more nor less than it seemed. For some inconceivable reason the tears started to my eyes; I took the little girl up in my arms and kissed her. My thoughts then naturally turned to Mabel; I knew in the depth of my heart that she, too, would have remained unchanged. What could she be that was better than her own

sweet self—the pure, the beautiful, the blessed Mabel?

When the sun was well set, I sat down under the same hemlock-tree where I had first met the gnome. After half an hour's waiting I again saw the lights advancing over the ground, struck at random at one of them and the small man was once more visible. I did not seize his cap, however, but addressed him in this manner:

"Do you know, you curious Old World sprite, what scrapes your detestable spectacles brought me into? Here they are. Take them back. I don't want to see them again as long as I live."

In the next moment I saw the precious glasses in the gnome's hand, a broad, malicious grin distorted his features, and before I could say another word, he had snatched up his cap and vanished.

A few days later, Mabel, with her sweet-brier dress on, was again walking at my side along the stream in the gorge, and somehow our footsteps led us to the old willow-tree where we had had our talk about the German gnomes and fairies.

"Suppose, Jamie," said Mabel, as we seated ourselves on the grass, "that a good fairy should come to you and tell you that your highest wish should be fulfilled. What would you then ask?"

"I would ask," cried I, seizing Mabel's hand, "that she would give me a good little wife, with blue eyes and golden hair, whose name should be Mabel."

Mabel blushed crimson and turned her face away from me to hide her confusion.

"You would not wish to see things as they are, then," whispered she, while the sweetest smile stole over her blushing face.

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed I. "But what would you ask, Mabel?"

"I," answered she, "would ask the fairy to give me a husband who loved me well, if—if his name was—Jamie."

A little before supper-time we both stole on tip-toe into the professor's study. He was writing, as usual, and did not notice us. Mabel went up to his chair from behind and gently put her hands over his eyes, and asked if he could guess who it was. He, of course, guessed all the names he could think of except the right one.

"Papa," said Mabel, at last, restoring to him once more the use of his eyes, "Jamie and I have something we want to tell you."

"And what is it, my dear?" asked the professor, turning round on his chair, and staring at us as if he expected something extraordinary.

"I don't want to say it aloud," said Mabel. "I want to whisper it."

"And I, too," echoed I.

And so we both put our mouths, one on each side, to the professor's ears and whispered.

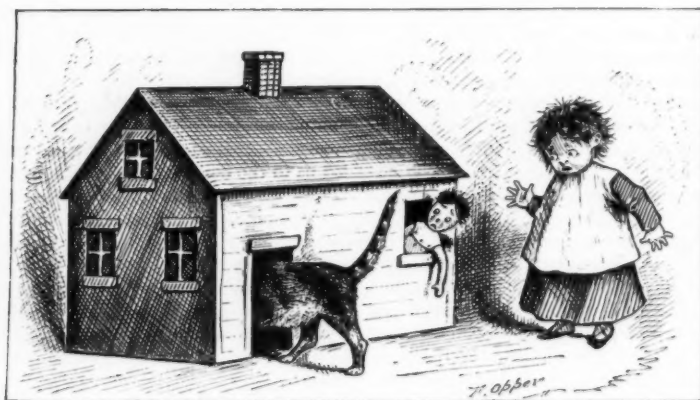
"But," exclaimed the old man, as soon as he could recover his breath, "you must bear in mind that life is not a play,—that—that life is not what it seems ——"

"No, but Mabel *is*," said I.

"Is,—is what?"

"What she seems," cried I.

And then we both laughed; and the professor kissed Mabel, shook my hand, and at last all laughed.



ANOTHER DAYLIGHT BURGLARY.

THE OLD-TIME MINSTRELS.

By E. B. M.

THE English harpers, or minstrels, were the successors of England's first musicians, the Druid bards. Not only in England, but throughout all Europe, and especially in Denmark, the sacred scalds (or bards) first, and afterward the harpers, were persons of the greatest consequence. They were constantly sought to attend at the palaces of kings, where, to the accompaniment of their rude harps, they recounted for royal ears the praises of kingly ancestors, or sang the stirring national anthems, which should inspire to deeds of future greatness. In return, they were loaded with the

richest honors and rewards, their vocation was considered divine, and in times of war they were unmolested, though traveling freely to and fro between the encampments of hostile armies.

Alfred the Great (and he was not the only one who tried the experiment) found, as you know, in the disguise of a harper, admittance to the camp of his enemies, the Danes, and obtained there the necessary knowledge to regain the lost throne.

On the opposite page is a picture of one of the primitive harpers, giving some idea of the shape of the instrument used by the musician of the times.

A
on t
or co
am
The
nent
of m
make
clud
tainn
tors,
one c
heroi
roma
tions
and
where

WI
tions
agine
perso
sion,
way-s
of the
harpe
of his
the m
than
and r
attrac
of a m
section
new ta
a cons

The
trigue
guise
suspec
culties
were r
devote
profess

The
bring
minstr
during
these a
ment t
pany i
of chiv
flowing
romanc
and pe
their ap
that we
In o
his stor

As early as the tenth century we read of minstrels on the continent of Europe, who traveled in bands or companies, glad to offer their united powers of amusement to any who would give them audience. The Anglo-Saxon minstrels, who come into prominent notice soon after, were called in the early ages of minstrelsy by two names—"scop," meaning a maker, and "gligman" or "gleeman," which includes all professional performers for public entertainment. For, to the serious vein of their ancestors, these wandering musicians had added a comic one of their own, and with the singing of ancient heroic poems they rendered also the ballads and romances of the day, accompanied by exhibitions of their skill as dancers, jocolators or jesters, and jugglers. These obtained admission everywhere.

When we remember how few were the occupations of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, we can imagine with what satisfaction a cheerful party of persons, possessing such numerous powers of diversion, would be received at the castle gate or the way-side inn. They frequented mostly the homes of the great, however; and though the ancient harper, singing only the religious or patriotic songs of his race, was held in very different esteem from the modern gleemen, who cared more for supper than song, yet their society was as eagerly sought and rewarded. In addition to their merry-making attractions, the minstrels served also the purpose of a newspaper, carrying items of news from one section of country to another, along with the last new tale, all of which they offered their patrons for a consideration.

They figured prominently also in political intrigues, so that, during the middle ages, the disguise of a minstrel was frequently assumed to enable suspected or obnoxious parties to pass through difficulties safely and unchallenged. Some of the class were more respectable than others, however, and devoted themselves solely to the exercise of their profession.

The news of an approaching festival was sure to bring to the castle gates a large gathering of the minstrels. Numbers were no bar to admission, and, during successive days of feasting and pleasure, these adroit performers would suit their entertainment to the mood of their hearers. Were the company in a quiet humor, they sang the old ballads of chivalry. If gay, as they lingered over the flowing bowl, they chanted satirical poems or love-romances, or exhibited their mountebank shows and powers of jugglery; and at last, presented their appeals for compensation, sometimes in ways that were neither dignified nor delicate.

In one case, we are told, a minstrel interrupts his story, probably at the most telling point, to

inform his hearers, that "whoever wishes to hear any more of this poem must make haste to open his purse, for it is now high time that he give me something." Another makes a still more peremptory demand. "Take notice," he says, "as God may give me health, I will immediately put a stop to my song, and I at once excommunicate all those who shall not visit their purses in order to give me something to my wife." The poor fellow had some excuse, however, as his poem had already reached over five thousand lines without bringing any response from his audience.

But money was not the only reward sought or won by these wandering musicians. The village fairs, no less than baronial halls, were enlivened by their presence. The first Earl of Chester decreed that all minstrels who should come to Chester fair were secure from arrest for theft or any other misdemeanor, except the crime were committed during the fair. Years afterward, the privileges proved of great advantage to one of the noble lord's successors, for, besieged by the Welsh in his castle of Rothelan, the constable of Chester gathered the minstrels, and, "by the allurements of their music, got together a great crowd of such loose people as by reason of privilege were then in that city, whom he sent forthwith to the earl's relief. The Welsh, alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired."

Many of the minstrels were retained in the constant service of kings and nobles, receiving salaries, and even houses and lands, from their royal patrons.



A PRIMITIVE HARPER.

They were not only required to perform at public festivals, as we have seen, but during disagreeable operations, which kings as well as common people are sometimes obliged to endure. History tells us that Edward I., who was the special patron of the profession, was at one time very ill and obliged to be bled. In order to soothe his majesty while undergoing the operation, his surgeon, Sir John

Maltravers, summoned his chief minstrel, who executed some of his choicest diversions on the painful occasion.

Among the instruments used by the minstrels, the harp, or, as it was called in the old Saxon, the "gléc-beam" (or glee-wood), stood first in their regard. In addition, the trumpet, the pipe (or flute), the viol (or fiddle), the horn, the drum (or tabor), the cymbals, hand-bells, and a portable organ, known as the dulcimer, were all used in the middle ages. The troubadours of Europe, however, were devoted exclusively to the viol.

On this page is a picture of a minstrel of the fourteenth century, playing upon a tabor, an in-

village weddings and merry-makings, and "even sometimes excited the jealousy of the professors of the joyous science."

In the effort to raise minstrelsy to a more respectable position, the minstrels of a better class formed themselves into societies or guilds, governed by laws of their own, and open only to the admission of those who by special qualification were fitted to join the company. The most noted of these guilds was the ancient fraternity of the minstrels of Beverley, in Yorkshire. Their officers were an alderman and two stewards, and a copy of their regulations is still preserved.

One of these requires, "That they should not take any new brother except he be minstrel to some man of honor or worship, or wait of some town corporate, or other ancient town, or else of such knowledge or honesty as shall be thought laudable and pleasant to the hearers there."

Another of their by-laws declares, "That no mylner, shepherd, or of other occupation, or husbandman or husbandman's servant, playing upon pipe or other instrument, shall follow any wedding or other thing that pertaineth to the said science, except in his own parish."

In the time of Henry VI., at the building of the church of St. Mary's in Beverley, these minstrels gave one of its pillars, with the design, as shown on the opposite page, sculptured upon it.

But despite the endeavors of such fraternities as these, minstrelsy, degraded by the immoral lives of many of its professors, was, like the state of society in which it flourished, becoming an institution of the past. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, minstrels were styled as "ribalds," "heretics," and were considered a "disgraceful" sort of people; while a little later, they were proscribed by an Act of Parliament as "vagabonds and rogues." Yet even at the beginning of the last century there were many people of rank who retained minstrels in their retinue, employed in duties connected with their old profession.

In Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the date of the story being about the middle



THE TABOR.



ANGLO-SAXON MINSTRELS AND JUGGLERS.

strument much in favor with the lower orders of society.

The dulcimer, or organ, was much in use, if we may judge from its frequent introduction into pictures.

The bagpipe was an instrument mostly used by shepherds and rustic musicians, who, in common with other classes of society during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, were given to the cultivation of music. In addition to the bagpipe, they played upon the pipe and horn; and so late as the reign of Queen Mary, in 1553, they officiated at



THE DULCIMER.

of the sixteenth century, we have a picture of the forlorn condition of the once jovial gleeman :

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses gray
Seemed to have known a better day.



A BAND OF MINSTRELS WITH DULCIMER, BAGPIPE AND VIOL.

The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of Border chivalry,—
For well-a-day their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured to lord and lady gay
The unpremeditated lay.
Old times were changed, old manners gone.
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne.
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
A harp a king had loved to hear."

The minstrel, seeing no humbler resting-place at hand, paused sadly at a castle gate. But a kind reception awaited him.

"The duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well."

So kindly was the aged minstrel cared for, and so interested were the duchess and her ladies in his lay, that after singing again and again the songs of the olden time, we see him once more.

"Hushed is the harp, the minstrel gone—
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the minstrel's lowly bower,
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There, sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days:
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before."

The troubadours, whom we have mentioned, belonged to the highest order of minstrels. They were a school of poets who flourished in the south of France and north of Italy, from the eleventh to the latter end of the thirteenth century. They were principally of noble birth, numbering kings and warriors within their ranks, who cultivated the arts of poetry and music; their compositions, for the most part, being love romances and ballads. Some of them also wrote books on the art of versifying and the principles of poetry. But, like the minstrel, the troubadour in time disappeared.



FIGURES SCULPTURED ON A CHURCH PILLAR.

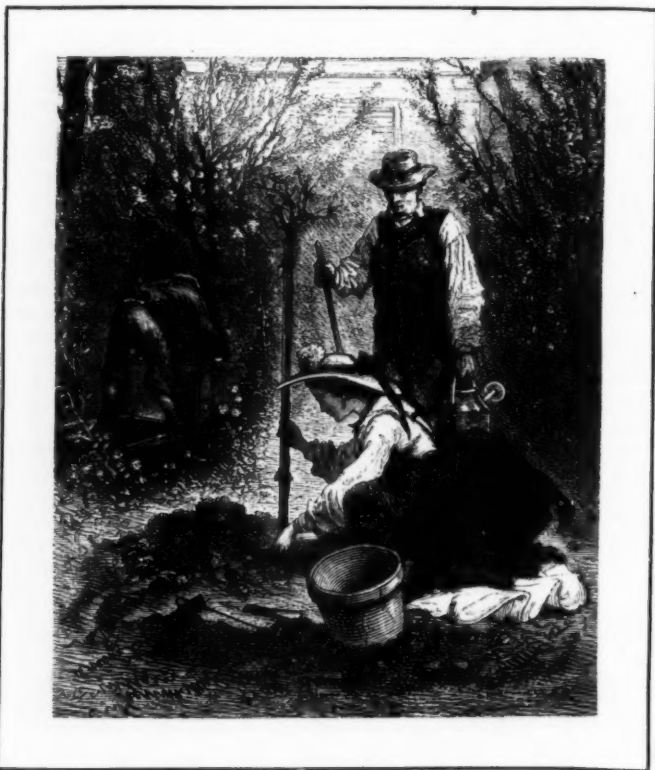
MARIE'S NEW YEAR'S DAY.

By G. W. B.

MARIE, a sweet-faced French girl, was our children's nurse. Her father, an Austrian, had, when a young man, left his native village and traveled to a little town in France. Here he married, and his wanderings ceased. Years rolled on, time wrought

Performing her slight household duties, she chanted gay little airs of her native land, in a sweet voice that made the canary wild with rivalry, while everywhere her presence was like sunshine.

Winter passed,—the sunny days of spring,—and



"SHE WAS DELIGHTED WHEN THE GARDENER ALLOWED HER TO ASSIST HIM."

its changes, and at last his eldest daughter came to this country. She had been but a few days in New York when we engaged her, and she had but few acquaintances, but her modest appearance, her bright cheerful face, were sufficiently good recommendations, and she was soon transferred to our home. Immediately she won a warm place in the affections of the children, so that to listen to French stories, or to chat in French with Marie, was to them no task.

when the heats of summer came we left the city. How happy was Marie in our country home! The squirrel and the robin were not more gay than she, and the honey-bee not more industrious. She was delighted when the gardener allowed her to assist him; but, working or playing, she was always happy. Under the tall pines, and beneath the beeches, her rippling laughter echoed, while the chattering jay-birds ceased their scoldings to listen to its music.

But
In the
laundr
fire—
the br
perati
soon c
Her fa
ingly
Her
Madam
trav
Kin
the be
her lif
taken
tress a
tude t
The a
was on
back
chang
Dun
little t
hearts
before
for he
little p
Marie
childr
tude,
howev
Aft
neigh
in, all
thirty
Marie
white
among
once
pale
Sud
an ele
bearin
elepha
Goi
out to
tion:

But there came a sad day for our poor *Française*. In the performance of some duty, she went into the laundry, her light dress came in contact with the fire—a shriek, a sudden bound, and she stood upon the breezy lawn, enveloped in flames. With desperation she tore away the blazing fabric; help soon came, but not to save her from dreadful injury. Her face was not harmed, but her arms were shockingly burned.

Her first utterance was: "*Oh, Madame B. ! Madame B. ! je ne pourrais plus jamais, jamais travailler !*"

Kind nursing and tender care were not wanting; the best medical skill was employed; but to save her life it was decided that her right arm must be taken off near the shoulder. Through all her distress and pain the poor girl bore herself with fortitude that awoke the admiration of all who saw her. The amputation took place at the hospital, and it was only during the Christmas week that she came back to us—pale and worn, her merry smiles all changed into a look of anxiety.

During her absence it had been suggested that a little fund be got together for her benefit. Kind hearts who heard her sad story gave freely, and before New Year's Day there was a nice sum in hand for her benefit. The glad morning, and the usual little presents of the happy day had been exchanged. Marie received many little souvenirs, had given the children some simple tokens of her love and gratitude, and was quite cheerful. About the house, however, there was an air of mystery.

After the holiday dinner, many children of the neighborhood, whom Marie knew, came dropping in, all with some kind word for her, until twenty or thirty were assembled, and playing merry games. Marie, with her black dress, white apron, and white bonnet, with its single rose, moved around among them interesting herself in their play, until once more the color faintly showed itself in her pale cheeks.

Suddenly, there appears from an adjoining room, an elephant (improvised—two boys and a shawl) bearing with its trunk a white envelope, and this elephant said: "*Marie Schalner ! où est elle ?*"

Going to where she stood, the envelope was held out to the astonished girl, and she saw the inscription: "*Pour Marie ! 500 francs.*"

Five hundred francs ! Who can picture her surprise, the clapping of hands, and the joy of the children as they crowded around her while the elephant disappeared in rather a disordered condition.

Quiet came, the plays went on, when Marie was asked to run upstairs and bring a little box. She tripped away and brought it. It was opened. "*Quelque chose pour vous, Marie !*" and, behold, another envelope with "*500 francs ! Pour l'amour de Jésus.*" Again, laughter and joy and clapping of hands, when appears upon the scene a little old lady, with antique dress, who demands Marie Schalner, for she has again 500 francs, with the motto: "*Dieu vous gardera toujours.*" The poor girl is silent. She cannot express her feelings. She is asked to pass a paper from the piano. Beneath it is another envelope: "*Pour Marie ! 500 francs ! Nous vous aimons beaucoup !*" Tears, unbidden, will come to her eyes. She brushes them away bravely, for she had shed none in all her great distress. Now comes the boy—her favorite—with knapsack, his uncle's war-worn epaulets and sword: "*Je suis soldat de la France ! Où est Marie ?*" And once more: "*Pour Marie ! 500 francs. Le Bon Dieu vous n'oublier jamais !*"

The rush of joy, the strain, was too great,—from sheer happiness she burst into tears. Mrs. B. could wait no longer. Running to their depository, she seized the remaining packages, and placed them all in the lap of the trembling girl.

"Here, Marie ! The good God has not forgotten you. Here are *five thousand francs !* all yours, and with them you have the kind love and sympathy of all who know you !"

Laughter and tears,—how closely they are allied ! and how they mingled on that happy day !

Again the holiday games went on, again song and story, till the shadows fell, ending the beautiful New Year's Day.

Now Marie has resumed her wonted place. She has become quite skillful in the use of her artificial arm, with her left hand writes long letters home, and uses her needle deftly. She arranges her simple toilet jauntily, ties her tasty neck-ribbons without assistance, does a thousand things that would seem impossible, and again the house is musical with her merry songs, which the canary in vain attempts to rival.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, my chicks! and a good New Year too. If I were a French Jack-in-the-Pulpit, you should have a fine New Year's card from me,—a card covered with all sorts of hearty, loving messages and good wishes. The birds tell me how in that sunny land friends send pretty New Year's cards to one another,—picture-cards, showing the sender in the act of trundling a wheelbarrow, or carrying a basket, or leading a pony; anything, so that it can be laden with tablets and bundles, each indorsed with a loving thought or wish. Sometimes he is shown tugging along with great difficulty an enormous sack of money, labeled 900,000,000,000,000,000 francs! This is to give a faint idea of the sum he should like to bring to his friend, if he could get it. Nowadays, the French photographers can take one's likeness in this way, so that the funny card really represents the sender himself.

Now, I should like that. So far, only the birds know your Jack's face, exactly; but a French photographer might be able to show me as I really am, and in the very act of trundling up to your doors \$973,430,240,327,800,432.00½!

Would not that be fine?

STRANGE SCENT BAGS.

SOME of the children in the red school-house made pretty scent-bags for the dear Little School-ma'am last Christmas, from directions given in ST. NICHOLAS, I believe; and these led her to tell them how, in old English times, it was quite fashionable to use nutmegs as a perfume. Yes, a nutmeg, set in silver and decorated with pearls and precious stones, often was hung from a lady's belt, like a modern scent-bottle.

Another curious scent-bag of those old days was an entire orange-skin, filled with a sponge

saturated with vinegar and spices. It was used to prevent infection, and was hung to the girdle or carried in the hands of fashionable people. This was the beginning of vinaigrettes. After a while, oranges were discarded, and little jars or cases of silver, with holes in the top, were used in their stead.

FEED THE BIRDS.

HERE is a letter from a kind-hearted lady whose example is well worth following. Take a hint from it, my human birdies! Notice, too, how the feathered creatures, in their turn, cared for their poor little prisoner:

DEAR JACK: Several years ago, we lived at a very beautiful place about four miles from Washington, near Fort Bunker Hill. The house was built on the only level piece of ground on the place; there was a sloping terrace to our kitchen garden, down which in winter the children delighted to coast, and from which in summer we gathered fine strawberries. The winter of '06 was of unusual severity for our climate, and for six weeks we had very good sleighing. During this time the birds suffered greatly. As soon as we discovered the trouble, the children and I filled a large waiter with bread-crumbs and seed, and put it on the roof of our porch. After a long time, two birds flew to the waiter and timidly tasted the seed. Then they put their heads together and flew off. In about ten minutes they returned with thirty birds, who ate greedily. Then there was a consultation between two, and a brown bird was sent off. He returned, bringing two birds with him, one of which was set in a corner and watched by the brown bird while his companion ate until satisfied. He then escorted the prisoner to the waiter, and permitted him to taste of the good things. For several mornings this was repeated, and we became convinced that the solitary bird was a prisoner under some sentence of punishment, which seemed to last a week, during which time no bird approached him but his guard. The children fed the birds all winter; the hungry little creatures finally came by hundreds, and to lessen the expense we mixed corn-meal and oats with the seed, and so kept our bird-table constantly spread till mild weather set in.—
Yours truly,
RAYMONDE.

FIVE "THATS."

DEAR JACK: I heard our school-teacher say that five "thats" could be used in succession in a single sentence. She did not consider it elegant English, by any means, but said there was no rule in grammar to forbid the use of them, if any one chose to adopt such a style of talking or writing. Here is a specimen of "that-these":
"Jane said that that 'that' that that boy wrote was a conjunction."
Now, Jack, how would your ST. NICHOLAS children parse that "that" sentence?—Yours affectionately,
M. S.

AN ESQUIMAUX HOUSE, OR HUT.

ONE would think that, cold and dreadful as the Arctic regions are known to be, the inhabitants would need every comfort that could be imagined in the way of a house. But no. The first thing the Esquimaux does in his home-building is to clear away the snow and ice from a spot of ground of the right size for his house. This he makes as smooth as he can, leaving one end a little higher than the other. The higher end is to serve as parlor and bed-room; the lower as work-shop and kitchen. Around this cleared spot of earth blocks of hard frozen snow are laid in such a fashion that they form a low round roof, resembling in shape the half of a hollow ball. By way of a window, a small square of rather thin and clear ice is set into the wall.

On the side of the house least exposed to wind, is a long and very low passage-way leading to the open air. This passage is so low that the inmates of the house have to crawl through it on their hands and knees. The door is only a loose block of snow.

These huts do not appear to be very charming

resic
then
regio
may
no
The
dirty
hou
hou
man
com
buil
wint

De
land
Glas
skipp
hand

She
Glas
plat
his
the
a
It
"Po

7

Th
read

I
tale
they
stea
exa
first
by
win
haw
tam
bra
can
It
hav
men
One
of
bet
less
sha
win

residences, but there are two good things about them. One is, that the high winds of that desolate region cannot possibly blow a hut over, though they may bury it in snow; the other good thing is that no one hut can be lived in longer than a season. The poor Esquimaux are, unfortunately, a very dirty people, and if they lived ever so long in one house they would never clean it. But the snow-house finally cleans itself in the most thorough manner, for as soon as the warm days of summer come it melts away, and its inmates must set about building a seal-skin tent that will shelter them till winter comes again.

SKIPPING-ROPE IN GLASGOW.

Glasgow, November, 1876.
DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am spending the autumn in Scotland with my mother, and I often see a queer thing in the streets of Glasgow. It is the way the girls jump the rope. They use two skipping-ropes. Two girls turn the pair of ropes, each holding two handles in one hand, and another girl stands between them and jumps.



THE GLASGOW STYLE.

She has to jump twice as fast as if there were but one rope, and these Glasgow girls do it splendidly. They beat the American girls completely. I can't draw as well as the fellow who did Washington and his little hatchet in the Young Contributor part of ST. NICHOLAS, but the above picture will show you how the girls do it.

It looked so very easy when they did it, that one day I said, "Pooh! let me try." And they did.



This sort of play, however, is only fit for girls.—Your affectionate reader,
GEORGE HENRY WIRT.

WHAT MADE THEM SO?

I MUST say it! Human beings, considering how talented they are, are very foolish. If not, why do they make other living things afraid of them instead of teaching love and confidence by their own example? Almost all animals who see men for the first time approach them without fear. I am told by intelligent birds, that when the naturalist, Darwin, went to the Galapagos Islands, he there found hawks that had never seen men, and they were so tame that he shoved some of them gently off a branch with the muzzle of his gun, while others came to drink from a pitcher he held in his hand. It is only because, for generations, beasts and birds have been so often deceived and cruelly treated by men that they have become suspicious of them. One of these days, when this becomes a country of Bird-defenders, we shall see a change for the better. Real birds may then poise themselves fearlessly on boys' and girls' hands; and never again shall the ghastly sight be seen of a poor, stiffened wing stuck on a hat-crown as an ornament.

A FERN THAT LOOKS LIKE A LAMB.

IN China there grows a fern which bears a curious likeness to a lamb. This likeness causes English-speaking people who have seen it, to call it the Tartarian or Scythian lamb fern. It is covered with a dense, soft, vegetable wool, of a yellow color. Its main stem, covered with the wool, lies flat, a short distance above the ground, and other hanging stems, look like little legs supporting it.

BISMARCK'S DOG.

THE celebrated Prince Bismarck, I am told, has a wonderful dog—a large lean fellow, as black as a raven's wing, faithful and devoted as it is possible for even a dog to be. He is inseparable from his dark-browed master, following him everywhere, without taking his eyes from him.

According to my informant, when the Prince is called to the Emperor's presence, the dog recognizes the helmet which he wears (instead of his military cap), and then he does not follow him. He knows also that he must not accompany his master to the Reichstag (the German parliament), whither the Prince ordinarily goes on foot. The dog follows him to the gate of the park, and then his master turns, and, raising his blue cap trimmed with saffron-colored gallow, says briefly, "Reichstag!" The dog understands; he lowers his head, droops his tail, and returns sadly to the house.

THE BIGGEST FLOWER?

HERE is a letter from a bright Princeton boy. The little fellow tells the simple truth of the Rafflesia, but still your Jack stands up for the Victoria Regia. It has beauty and grace, and so is entitled to rank with flowers; but as this big vegetable something has neither, it ought to be ruled out. What say you, my chicks?

DEAR JACK: In the July number of the ST. NICHOLAS, in speaking about the Victoria Regia, you seem to consider it the giant flower of the world. I always thought so too until the other day, when, reading a book called "The Universe," by Mr. Pouchet, I found I was mistaken, and that there was a larger one. The best way to describe it is to quote his own words:

"But the flower of the Rafflesia Arnoldi, a perfect monster of vegetation, leaves all these far behind. It is found in the forests of Java and Sumatra. Its outlines and gigantic proportions separate it so widely from everything known, that in spite of the assertions of travelers, botanists refused to believe, and persisted in looking upon the colossus as a fetid fungus. The discussion did not cease till one of these flowers was sent to London and examined by R. Brown, who dissipated all doubts. Each flower was found to be composed of a fleshy mass weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds. Its border, the circuit of which was not less than ten feet, showed five lobes, forming a gaping excavation capable of holding a dozen pints of fluid."

It also says that it exhalates a repulsive, carrion-like smell, and that the Javanese prostrates himself before it and makes it almost a divinity. You also say of the Victoria Regia that the leaves are very large (eight feet); but there are some larger ones yet. The plant known as the Welwitschia Mirabilis has two leaves nine or ten feet long. It is of a pale green color. The leaves are sometimes much larger, being nearly four yards long. It grows in South-west Africa. But I fear I am writing too much, so good-bye, dear Jack.—I remain, yours truly,
A. G. CAMERON.

A DOLL FOR A SIGN.

If you were in England, and saw a black doll hung up as a sign, what would you expect to find? Toys? Not a bit of it. You'd find a "rag shop!" What an insult to the dolls! What shall we do about it? And they call it a "dolly shop," too!

THE FROGS' PICNIC.

THERE were once five little frogs who had a holiday. They all agreed that it would be great fun to go on a picnic, and so their mothers told



THE SMALLEST FROG TAKES A SWIM

them that they might go, if they would be careful and not get their feet dry. You know that when a frog is right well, his feet always feel cool and damp. If you ever catch a well frog you can feel his feet, and see if this is not so.

So off these five frogs started, all in high glee, and bound to make a merry day of it. They soon reached a small woods with a pretty

stream running through it, and there they agreed to have their picnic. They hid their dinners, which they had brought with them, behind a small bush, and then they began to play games. They played a good many very nice games, suitable for little frogs, and enjoyed themselves very much, jumping about in the damp grass and among the wet leaves in the woods; for it was yet quite early in the day, and the dew was still on the ground.

But after a while the sun rose higher, and the day became warmer, and then these little frogs did not care so much for jumping and hopping about on dry land. So they all sat down to rest near the edge of the stream.

Very soon the smallest frog said he was warm and dry, and he jumped into the water to take a swim.

"Come on in!" he called out to the others. "It's splendid! I did not know how uncomfortable it was out there."

"Oh, ho!" said the oldest frog, "we're not going in the water. We can do that any day. Don't you know this is a picnic?"

"Yes, I know it is, and that's the reason I want to have all the fun I can. You had better come in before your feet get dry, and you make yourselves sick."

The other frogs thought that this little fellow was very silly. One of them turned her back on him and would not have a word to say to him. The second largest frog grinned at him until his mouth stretched out nearly as wide as his body, and said:

"You must be a simpleton! Going in to swim when we are out on a picnic, and want to have a good time doing things that we don't do every day. You might as well have staid at home."

But the little frog did not mind what the others said. He just swam about and enjoyed himself.

The other frogs thought that this was very ridiculous and improper, but as they looked at him he seemed so comfortable in the clear, cool stream, that they almost wished it was yesterday or to-morrow, or some day which was not a picnic-day, so that they might go in too.

Sometimes the little frog came out and wanted to play. But they did not care about playing, and as the day wore on they began to feel so badly that they agreed to consider that the picnic was over.

The minute this was settled the five frogs sprang altogether into the air and came down *splash!* into the water.

Oh how delightful and cool it was!

"No more picnics for me!" cried the widest-mouthed fellow. "I go in for enjoying myself."

"Well," said the little frog, "I don't see why we can't have a picnic without thinking that we must do something uncommon all the time. I think that frogs can often have lots more fun doing the things that they do every day, than when they try to do something that they are not used to."

That was a very wise little frog.



BROKEN TOYS.

A LITTLE girl, just four years old,
Had many a pretty toy,
And did not try to keep them nice,
But only to destroy.

Her mother's scissors she would get
And clip the things she found,
Till cloth and pictures on the floor,
Cut into bits, lay round.

Her family of dolls, alas!
When they were put to bed,
This one had lost a leg or arm,
And that would have no head.

One day, a darling doll came home,
The prettiest in the world,
Its eyes so blue, its cheeks so red,
Its fair locks neatly curled.

But in one week how sad a wreck,
For all its cost and care!
Its legs and arms and nose were gone,
And its poor head was bare.



THE SHELF OF BROKEN TOYS.

Then her papa hung up a shelf,
And placed there in a row
Her broken toys, and, oh! they made
A very ugly show.

But when the mischiefs she had done
This little girl had seen,
Oh, then she cried and said: "Mamma,
How naughty I have been!"

MOTHER GOOSE OPERETTA.

(In Three Scenes, founded upon the Story of "Bobby Shaftoe.")

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

FIVE or more pairs of boys and girls as peasants—with bright skirts, faced bodices, high-crowned muslin caps, or any picturesque costumes for the girls; knee-breeches with broad suspenders, and white shirts (no coats), straw hats with bright ribbons, for the boys.

HERBERT has a suit of same style as the other peasants, over which he has a short coat trimmed with yellow braid.

BOBBY SHAFTOE also has a coat, much plainer than Herbert's; he has light curly hair, and wears large tin, or silver-paper, buckles at his knees. In Scene III. he wears a sailor's suit.

MARIE, blue skirt, pink bodice, high cap with many ribbons.

All except Herbert carry covered baskets, which (if in season) can have vines of clematis hanging from them and falling over the shoulders of the peasants, many of whom carry them on their heads. One table, three chairs, and one spinning-wheel will be needed. If the actors cannot sing, the singing may be performed by concealed persons.

SCENE I.

The peasants are heard singing outside; the chorus grows loud slowly, and they enter, march twice around and form in a semicircle, and sing, to the tune of "Dearest May:"

"It is the pleasant twilight, the sun is setting slow,
As homeward from our daily task with merry step we go.
Chorus. It is the close of day;
With hearts so light and gay,
In merry row, we homeward go,
To rest at close of day."

After singing, they slowly march out, and the music slowly dies away. Bobby and Marie, who have remained as if in earnest conversation, come forward and sing, to the tune of "Lightly row," "Yankee Doodle," or any other that may be suited to the words:

Bobby. "Dearest, will you marry me?
For you know how I love thee!
Tell me, darling, will you be
The wife of Bobby Shaftoe?"

Marie. "Robert, pray don't make me say
What I've told you twice to-day;
Let us true friends always stay—
No more, Bobby Shaftoe!"

Bobby. "If you will not marry me,
I will go away to sea,
And you never more shall be
Aught to Bobby Shaftoe!"

Marie. "Dear Bobby, you will never go,
For you've often told me so!
You will not go far, I know!
Good-bye, Bobby Shaftoe!"

Bobby runs away, as if in anger. Marie looks after him, smiling, as if expecting him back; grows anxious, follows the way he went a few steps, then turns and sadly goes in the opposite direction. Herbert enters from the direction in which Bobby ran, and follows Marie, as if he had been listening to the conversation. End of Scene I.

SCENE II.

Marie enters very sadly, goes to the table at left, takes up knitting-work, throws it down impatiently, draws spinning-wheel to the right of the room, begins to spin and sing.

"Till is sweet when hearts are light,
Sunshine follows darkest night;
Always when the heart is right,
Trouble will not linger."

Peasant girl enters in great haste, and sings:

"Marie, have you heard the news?
Our dear friend has had the blues,
And has sailed upon a cruise—
Our dear Bobby Shaftoe!"

Marie rises in confusion, upsets the wheel, and sings:

"Bobby Shaftoe gone to sea!
And no message left for me?
Oh, it cannot, cannot be!
Dearest Bobby Shaftoe!"

She cries, leaning her head on the shoulder of her friend, and the two girls sing in duet:

"Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee; { thee,
But he'll come back again to } me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!"

End of Scene II.

SCENE III.

Three years are supposed to have passed. Marie sits very sadly at work. Herbert enters and leans over her chair. Herbert sings:

"Marie, why so cold to me?
I was ever true to thee.
Bobby Shaftoe's lost at sea;
Give up Bobby Shaftoe!"

Marie. "No, he is not lost at sea!
Fate cannot so cruel be
As to tear away from me
My own Bobby Shaftoe!"

Herbert. "Pray, consent my wife to be!
For I know he's lost at sea,
And you'll never, never be
Wife of Bobby Shaftoe!"

Marie kneels down, resting her head on the chair, as if in tears, and sings, very sadly:

"If he's dead or lost at sea,
I can never care for thee;
Live or dead, I'll faithful be,
And true to Bobby Shaftoe!"

Bobby comes rushing in, dressed as a sailor. Marie runs toward him in rapture.

Bobby. "Darling, I've come back from sea,
I've come back to marry thee,
For I know you're true to me—
True to Bobby Shaftoe!"

Marie. "Yes, I always cared for thee!
And now you have come from sea,
We shall always happy be,
Dearest Bobby Shaftoe!"

Peasants enter and shake hands with Bobby, then form a ring around him and Marie, and after dancing, sing to the tune of "Dearest May:"

"We welcome home our comrade, who wandered far away,
To love and peace and rapture upon this happy day!
Chorus. O happy day! with hearts so light and gay,
We joyous sing in merry ring,
O happy, happy day!"

Note.—In the dialogue, the first singer sings one half of the air, and the other concludes it.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

A QUEER WAY OF WRITING.

AWAY down in the south-eastern corner of the Mediterranean Sea is Egypt, a country of absorbing historic interest. Before the foundations of the magnificent temples of Athens were laid, Egypt was in its maturity of grandeur and prosperity; and while the site of what we call *ancient* Rome was yet an uninhabited waste, the land of the Pharaohs was already in its old age. Surrounded on every side by seas, and mountains, and almost impassable deserts, it was by nature defended from the approach of enemies, and seemed intended by Providence for the abode of a favored people. Watered by a noble river, which traversed its entire length from north to south, it was as fertile as a garden, though rain was almost as unknown within its borders as snow is in the tropics. Every year, the river overflowed its banks, and covered the surrounding country; and when the water gradually subsided, they left upon the land the rich soil which the stream had borne from the table-lands of Abyssinia. Thus Egypt became the great granary of the world in ancient times. You remember the story of Jacob and his sons as recorded in the Bible, where it is said that when a famine prevailed in the land of Canaan, the patriarch heard that there was "corn in Egypt," and sent down to get some of it. And for many centuries the Mediterranean was dotted with vessels carrying to other nations the products of the valley of the Nile. So you see that in old times, Egypt was a place of great importance to almost all the known world, and you will find the study of its history, as told by its monuments and their inscriptions, one of the most interesting in the records of the earth.

But what I wish especially to call your attention to in relation to Egypt is one of its systems of writing. I say one, because the Egyptians were not satisfied with less than three; one, the *hieratic*, used solely by the priests; another, the *enchorial*, or popular, used by the people generally; and the *hieroglyphic*. This term is derived from two Greek words, meaning "sacred" and "to carve;" and literally means "sacred writing;" the priests in old times being the chief, if not the only, writers. It is commonly used, however, in the sense of "picture-writing;" that is, conveying ideas by pictures of animate or inanimate objects. In its earliest use, the Egyptians were probably contented merely to make a direct imitation; thus a picture of a man would mean a man, and a picture of a camel would mean a camel. This is very well, so far as it goes. If you saw a representation of a man with a big stick running after a small boy, you would at once know that the artist intended it to be understood that the boy would probably get a whipping. But you would also see that the picture gave you no other information about the matter. Doubtless some Egyptians noticed this, and so the system was further perfected by making the signs symbolic; that is, causing the representation of one object to convey the idea of another. For instance: if the boy in the supposed case were the son of the man, an egg would be drawn alongside of him, an egg being understood by the Egyptians to indicate such a relationship. Still, however, the system was open to greater improvement, and so the next step was to make the symbols *phonetic*; that is, to make them stand for the *sound* of a letter in the alphabet. Now you will perhaps wonder how a picture of a goose, or a chicken, or a lion, could serve to represent a letter; but you will see that the plan adopted was very simple, and very intelligible. The main principle of it was this: to find out what alphabetical sound is meant by the picture of any object, take the *name* of that object in the Egyptian dialect, and the *first letter* of such name is the letter indicated by the picture. Thus, in the ancient Egyptian language, *tot* means "hand;" so that if we find a drawing of a



hand, it stands for T, that being the initial letter of *tot*. Or, *mooladj* means "owl," and the picture of an owl represents V.

Of course, by this method, each letter of the alphabet could be represented by any object of whose name it was the initial; but the Egyptians did not take *any* word, merely because it happened to suit in this respect alone. Sometimes they selected names because the objects to which they belonged could be more symmetrically arranged in a picture; sometimes they chose a figure which, while it expressed the desired letter, also denoted some *quality* which belonged both to the object delineated and to the person or thing whose name it was used to spell. To illustrate: suppose we could bring a mummy back to life, teach him the English language, and then ask him to write the word "America" in hieroglyphics. If he proved to be a very intelligent mummy, willing to adapt himself to new circumstances, he would proceed thus, using English words, and choosing them with reference to their symbolic meanings:

- A. He would draw an *asp*—symbolic of "sovereignty."
- M. He would select a *mace*—indicative of "military dominion."
- E. An *eagle*, as it is a part of our national arms, and means "courage."
- R. A *ram*—emblematic of frontal power, or "intellect."
- I. An *infant* would typify the youth, and as yet undeveloped power of this country.
- C. A *cake*—the consecrated bread of the Egyptians—significant of a *civilized* region.
- A. The *amaranth*—typical of "eternal life."

Thus he would have drawn pictures of the following objects:

ASP,	symbolic of	Sovereignty.
MACE,	"	Military Dominion.
EAGLE,	"	Courage.
RAM,	"	Intellect.
INFANT,	"	Youth.
CAKE,	"	Civilization.
AMARANTH,	"	Perpetuity.

You see that the initial letters of the names of the objects spell the word "America." Under the picture would be drawn a diagram, somewhat like two rough-hewn boot-jacks placed side by side, that being the Coptic character meaning "country." I ought to say, though, that the Egyptians had a disagreeable habit of omitting the vowels in writing hieroglyphics, so that America would be written with the symbols for "M. R. C." and the sign for "country."

With such a method of writing as this, an Egyptian school—had there been any—would have been a funny sight. Imagine the teacher calling out, "First class in spelling, stand up!" and a row of boys make their appearance, each armed with a piece of chalk, or some similar article that would make a mark. Then, when the teacher gave out a word, a boy would step up to the blackboard of that period—whatever it was—and spell the word by drawing figures of cats, and dogs, and any other objects which his fancy suggested. I think we should have laughed at the sight.

Upon the whole, I rather think our mode of writing and spelling is preferable to that of the Egyptians; but the construction of such a system as theirs, at such an early period in the age of the world, shows vast ingenuity and a high degree of civilization. H. R. C.

ON THE CLOSING OF THE CENTENNIAL.

Close the gates! A nation's grand pastime is o'er!
The goods must be again embarked for Europe's sunny shore.
Send back to England all her large display of products fair,—
Her china, silks, and jewels: 'er emblazoned silver-ware.
Do not forget the pictures—Lundseer's "Lions," and the rest.
We thank thee, Mother England, for the good and kindly zest
And interest thou hast shown us in our bright Centennial glee
And we send thee back thy products in safety o'er the sea.

France! we proffer thee our thanks for thy glorious display
Thou fair and sunny land! how bright has been thy day!
Thy tapestries are marvelous, thy jewels wondrous fair,
Thy dresses and fine bronzes and painted china rare!
Well hast thou done thy part; and we pray that thou mayst see
Full many years of glorious peace. Fair France, farewell to thee!

Italy! thy display has matched the very fairest there;
The peace we have so long enjoyed, may't be thy lot to share!
Thy bronzes and mosaics, thy gems and sculptures old,
Thy wondrous old collections, are worth a wealth untold.
And now we send them back again, in the hope that thou mayst see
Them safely landed on thy shores. Farewell, O Italy!

Germania next, thy fair display has called forth praises rare.
Thy porcelain and thy painted tiles, thy toys and silver-ware,

Are wondrous fair. We give thee thanks for all that thou hast done.
And now, Germania, fare thee well, thou bright land of the sun!
Ye nations all! accept our thanks. God grant ye all may see
Long centuries of prosperous life and glorious liberty!

Nor think America forgets your interest and your zeal;
She offers up most heartfelt prayers for your good luck and weal.
Farewell to all! and Heaven grant that when we meet again,
It may be still to sing that song of peace on earth to men!
A. R. C. (aged 14).



TOTTIE'S CALENDAR.

(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)

THERE are five fingers on each little hand;
Five jolly holidays all through the land.
There is May-day so sweet, jolly "Fourth" with its noise,

Thanksgiving and Christmas, for girls and for boys;
And New Year's so brimful of hope and good cheer,—
Merry Christmas to all, and a Happy New Year!

C. A. L.

THE LETTER-BOX.

"THE MINUET"—our frontispiece for this month—is such a beautiful picture, that our young readers will all be glad to know something about the artist. It is copied from a picture by John Everett Millais, a celebrated English painter, born in 1829, who became distinguished even in his boyhood. At the age of nine he gained a medal from the Society of Art in his native town. At eleven, he entered the school of the Royal Academy, where, after three years, he took another prize. In 1846, he exhibited his first picture at the Academy, and the next year, when only eighteen, he obtained the gold medal for the best oil painting. Since that time Mr. Millais has painted many beautiful and famous pictures, and is now one of the most noted of London painters. "The Minuet" is among the most graceful and pleasing of his works. He is one of the founders of the modern Pre-Raphaelite school of art. In addition to his labors with the brush, he has employed part of his time in illustrating books and magazines.

Ship "St. Mary's," off Cape May, N. J., Oct. 17, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It would have done the hearts of the vast army of bird-defenders good to have seen our ship off the New Jersey coast October 15th. The night before, while our watch was on deck, a strong nor'west gale set in, and shortened our visit to the Centennial Exhibition by a number of days, for it drove us out to sea, and we are still some forty miles from land. The gale lasted for two days and nights, being the heaviest the last night.

Our watch was on deck from midnight to four A. M., and as the dawn drove off the mists and clouds, we saw that we were not the only unfortunates blown to sea, for we could see birds on deck, in the rigging, and even on the deck below. Some of the boys commenced chasing them, but the officer of the deck was a bird-defender at heart,

and forbade any interfering with the tired little fellows, and this made them less timid than usual, a few getting so bold as to fly on some of the boys' shoulders, and allow themselves to be caressed and handled. One little fellow, called a Cape May warbler, I believe discovered the source of the warmth he felt, and spent a good deal of his time at the side of the pipe from the ship's galley, or cooking stove. The following list will give you a faint idea of the number of birds blown to sea in a storm and lost. Four warblers, two chippies, two crow blackbirds, a wild pigeon, two wax-wings, two cat-birds, two small woodpeckers, a robin, a golden-crested wren, and a highholder, eighteen in all, of my own counting, and I do not know how many I missed. One was caught by a high wave and drowned, one died in captivity, and another still lives; but the rest stuck to the ship till equal to the task, when they left us, the larger birds going first. This morning we were honored by a passing view of six of the largest turtles we ever saw outside of a restaurant, swimming slowly over the great waves, and every now and then cutting queer figures with their white flippers in the air, as a cunning old roller turned them on their broad brown backs.

"All hands" have just been "piped to hammocks," which means get and make your beds, and go to sleep as soon as possible, so I must close this letter.

Oct. 19, 1876.

Since the letter above was written, we got a pilot, sailed calmly up the beautiful Delaware River, watching the laden trains carrying their living freight to Philadelphia, and are now anchored off Willow street, Philadelphia.

Perhaps some of the ST. NICHOLAS young folks would like to visit the ship at Twenty-third street wharf, E. R., New York, next winter, and we would be glad to have them come. The ship lies at the wharf, is reached by the Twenty-third street cars (red light), and there is nothing but a firm covered "bridge" to walk over to reach it. We will get back about the 10th of December.—Yours respectfully,

W. L. RODMAN.

GEO. E. M.—It is impossible to answer, or even notice, one-fiftieth of the letters received from our young correspondents, but we endeavor to give attention to those questions which appear to possess the greatest general interest.

Lyons, October 22, 1876.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: My brother was out hunting the other day; he shot six ducks at one shot, and one of them had four legs, two of them were smaller than the others, and were right at the side of its tail. Don't you think that was pretty queer! I will send you a few feathers from its wings to put in your hat.

LUCEY M. EVERETT.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been to see Santa Claus. You see we have heard so much during this last year of panics and specie payments, failures and hard times, and everybody has looked so blue, that I feared a little for my old friend's prosperity. I found him walking up and down his den talking to himself after this wise:

"To give, or not to give?" that is the question. Whether better 'tis to suffer the slings and arrows of neglected childhood, or to take toys against a row of stockings and so with filling leave them. I never have left them, and how can I! Do I not hear my children say, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious Christmas by this good St. Nick, and all the clouds that lowered round the year in the deep recess of a stocking buried!" Oh, thou departing spirit of '76! thinkest thou because thou art impecunious there shall be no more dolls and drums?

Should'st thou ask me whence these keepsakes,
Whence these presents and donations,
With the odors of the toy-shop,
With the damp and dew of book-stores,
With the crunching of confections,
With the shout of happy voices,
Saying ever "Merry Christmas!"
With their frequent repetitions,
And their sweet reverberations,—
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the baskets of the mothers,
From the needles of the sisters,
From the pockets of the uncles,
From the hands of aunts and cousins,
From the shops of jolly Dutchmen,
From the stores of Yankee Doodle,—
Christmas shall be merry Christmas still.

I travel off across the land
Between the dark and daylight,
I hurry up among the roofs
And slip beneath the skylight.

I clamber out upon the eaves
And pass within the dormers,
By twenty grates, a little store,
And all the chimney corners.

I steal by halls and parlor doors
With many a sweet reminder,
I deck the spreading Christmas-trees
That grow for happy kinder.

And so to all the children bring
My guesses good and clever,
For men may come and men may go,
I'm Santa Claus forever.

R. J.

Finistère, France, night before Christmas, '75.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Have you passed a Christmas in a foreign country, without dear nieces and nephews, or brothers and sisters, to wish you, in your own language, "A Merry, Merry Christmas?" If not, you cannot know how much joy may be expressed—may be even communicated to another—by repeating those three words. You cannot even realize what joy your Christmas morn, with its merry greeting, has carried to hundreds who have received it.

In France, the great fete-day is the first day of the new year, and "*Je vous salue une bonne et heureuse année*" seems cold and formal to one accustomed to our hearty "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year." Only to utter the Christmas greeting brings up visions of "Mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,"—of little stockings placed so near the chimney corner they cannot be overlooked by the generous Santa Claus. I fancy I hear the prancing on the roof of the impatient reindeer. I am tempted to draw the curtains, darken the chamber, and watch for "the jolly old elf."

More than a strong desire, a lively faith, are necessary to enable us Americans to have a visit here from our friend, for St. Nicholas does not come to Brittany. Perhaps it is not cold enough for his tiny reindeer; perhaps his sleigh would not glide on the steep, irregular slate

roofs, without snow. Would it were possible to hear at least an echo from over the sea of the "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night," which will be repeated by a host of your young admirers. This wild and romantic Brittany would please St. Nicholas, I am sure; and then there are hosts of children, and temptingly large chimneys.

But the French children have their Christmas also; and they think the infant *Je* us comes to them. Instead of stockings, they place shoes to receive their gifts.

I have seen to-day a new French baby, and a French baby is as pretty as a French baby-doll—not a young lady doll. The babies are so rolled in flannel, and then folded about with muslin, as the petals of a rose are folded, that they resemble in form an Indian papoose, and they may be handled in the same way without the slightest danger of injury. They all wear caps. With the peasant class the caps are retained until they give place to the *coiff*.

It is an amusing sight to see little girls of five or six years of age trudging along the country roads with their mothers,—an exact copy in miniature,—with long dresses, coifs, and kerchiefs folded across the breast. The wooden shoes or *sabots*, which move up and down at each step, do not seem to impede their progress or engross their attention. I have often seen children six or seven years old walking and knitting at the same time. The habits of industry so early acquired are retained, and when old enough they will go to market, very picturesquely, conducting the horse and knitting, seated in a square two-wheeled car, with fresh green calabages and golden carrots forming a background, or as fishwomen, carrying the basket on the head,—still knitting. There is for a stranger much that is picturesque and interesting in this ancient duchy of Brittany—churches, chateaux, and ruins, all well worth a visit from those who come to France.

The bells are ringing for the midnight mass. Here, as in your midst, it is the same beautiful fete we celebrate.

"There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth."

Sincerely your friend,

F. G. D. DE T.

MINNIE NICHOLS.—Your fraud is discovered. Never send anything to ST. NICHOLAS again.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please write my name down among the Bird-defenders. I have never been to school. I have lain on my back in bed nearly a year, so papa lets me keep birds. We have a canary, a goldfinch, and a bob-link. The ST. NICHOLAS is my delight, and I wish very much to see my name in it. I am eight years old.—Yours truly,
JOE H. DENNIS.

MAY A. MILLIGAN, Beulah Strong, and several others, have sent us interesting letters about their trips to the "Centennial."

OUR readers will be interested, we know, in the following letter written by a dear little girl, who died before her pleasant words reached us. Her heart-stricken mother writes: "I thought perhaps the children would like to see the little letter written by my precious child, now an angel in Heaven. She wrote it some time since, being prompted to do so, after reading the letters in ST. NICHOLAS written by little girls of about her own age, but delayed sending it."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last Christmas my papa asked me which I had rather have, a large doll or ST. NICHOLAS? I told him that I had rather have ST. NICHOLAS, and he said that everybody was praising it. He commenced taking it for me in January last. At that other little girl says—whose name is Mary Eichelberger—I can scarcely wait until it comes. I had a thousand times rather have ST. NICHOLAS than a doll. I was thinking the other day that I would so like to have the next book. I like that story about "The Cat and the Countess." I would like to know if the countess ever got her cat again. I hope to see my letter in the ST. NICHOLAS. Good-bye. I am only in my eleventh year. My name is LULIE FOWLER. I live in the town of Snow Hill, Worcester County, Maryland.

LULIE FOWLER.

Morgantown, N. C.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your readers who have been amused by the account of Mother Mitchell's wonderful tart, would like to hear of a cake almost as large that was once cooked and eaten by real men, very greedy, perhaps, but belonging to kingdoms that we find on our maps. This cake was baked at the Camp of Radewitz, where, in 1770, King August the Strong, of Poland, gave an entertainment, lasting a month, at which Frederick the Great

and his father were chief guests, with a crowd of lesser folk, all the titled people, and the famous people of Europe. It was fourteen ells long by six broad, and at the center half an ell thick. There were five thousand eggs in it: thirty-six bushels of sound flour; one tun of milk, one tun of yeast, one ditto of butter; crackers and gingerbread-nuts, for fillet or trimming, ran all round. After a public dinner, given to all these great folk and thirty thousand soldiers, this cake was brought into the field on a wooden frame drawn by eight horses. It was cut up by a carpenter, with a gigantic knife, the handle resting on his shoulder, who received a signal from the head of the Board of Works before cutting each slice. How Mother Mitchell's tart was cooked we shall not know until December, but I suspect that, like this, it was baked by machinery. The whole account of the Camp of Radewitz, which is very interesting, may be found in Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great," vol. 2, book vii, chap. iii.

MARY F. DICKSON.

OUR many *Little-Corporal* subscribers will be glad to know that Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller has expressly dedicated to them a delightful little book, called "What Tommy Did," and just as full of bright things as a little book can be. It is prettily issued by S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, and we heartily wish it success.

ONE of the brightest and daintiest holiday books that we have seen this season is "Bits of Talk for Young Folks," by H. H., published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. Its few pictures are good, its many stories are better, and its beautiful poems and legends are best of all. Our boys and girls will find some old friends in it.

The following books have been received:

From Macmillan & Co., New York: "Johnnykins and the Goblins," by Charles Leland—"Carrots; just a Little Boy," by Ennis Graham—"My Young Alcides," by Charlotte M. Yonge.

From S. R. Wells & Co., New York: "David and Anna Matson," by Abigail Scott Dunning—"How to Sing; or, The Voice, and How to Use It," by W. H. Daniell.

From Loring's, Boston: "Sam's Chance" and "Jack's Ward," both by Horatio Alger, Jr.

From E. Steiger, New York: "Friedrich Froebel," by Matilda H. Kriege—"Froebel's Kindergarten Occupations."

From Ward, Lock & Tyler, London: "Bluebeard's Widow and her Sister Anne," by Sabilla Novello.

From Porter & Coates, Philadelphia: "Snowed-up" and "Frank in the Forecastle," by Harry Castlemon.

From Carleton & Co., New York: "A Comic History of the United States," by L. Hopkins.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston: "Fret-sawing and Wood-carving," by George A. Sawyer.

From the New York Bird Store, Boston: "Holden's Book on Birds," by Charles F. Holden.

From Hanscom & Co., New York: "Song of America, and Minor Lyrics," by V. Volde.

From the American Tract Society, New York: "Her Little World," by Sarah E. Chester—"Almost a Woman" and "A Happy Summer; or, The Children's Journey," by S. Annie Frost—"The Romance of the Streets," by a London Rambler—"May Stanhope and Her Friends," by Margaret E. Sangster—"A Night and a Day" and "The Storm of Life," by Hesba Stretton—"Under Shelter," by Annette Lucille Noble—"The Victory Won," by C. S. M.—"Ruthie's Venture," by the author of "A Summer in the Forest"—and "Little Stories for Good Little People."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

REBUS.—"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

CHARADE.—Independent.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Butterfly, Asclepias.

B A B Y L O N I A
D U S T B R U S H
B U T T E R C U P
F L O T I L L A S
M A G N E T I Z E
C O M P A R I N G
B L I T H E F U L
B A N D E R O L E
S E C R E T A R Y

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—S
C A T
S A T I N
T I N
N

HIDDEN WORD-SQUARE.—
C A D E T
A R E N A
D E B A R
E N A C T
T A R T S

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Liberty.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Repeated—a pet deer. 2. It is a camel—calamities. 3. I creep—piece. 4. Anguish—in a gush. 5. Resist a—saires.

EASY ENIGMA STORY.—Sweetbriar Rose.—Strawberries, roses, air, sweet, briars, saw, two, browse, its, robs, barrow, bow, arrow, breast, bars, sorter, it, roses, berries.

SQUARE-WORD.

I R I S
R O S E
I S L E
S E E D

ANAGRAM PROVERBS.—1. "As green as grass." 2. "As busy as a

bee." 3. "As cold as charity." 4. "As mad as a March hare."

5. "As nimble as a cow in a cage."

RIDDLE.—Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.

EASY DECAPITATIONS.—1. Beagle, eagle. 2. Bear, ear. 3. Fox, ox. 4. Goat, oat. 5. Swine, wine. 6. Weasel, easel. 7. Lark, ark. 8. Plover, lover.

CLASSICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Virgil, Æneid.

V —irgin—A
I —ren—E
R—hiutho—N
G —lauc—E
I —nfer—I
L—ycome—D

WORD SYNOCATATIONS.—1. Terrier—err, tier. 2. Leveret—ever, let. 3. Lawless—awl, less. 4. Flashy—ash, fly. 5. Pageant—age, pant. 6. Tartan—art, tan. 7. Tendon—end, ton. 8. Swinging—wing, sing.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Biscay, Naples.

B —aro—N
I —ow—A
S —tiru—P
C —ow—L
A —ppel—E
Y —e—S

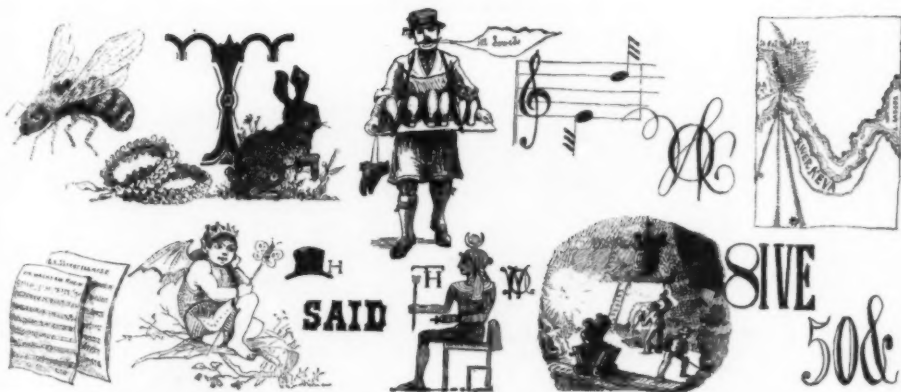
MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.—Civil.

A CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.—1. Spectacle-case (specked A—cLEC—ace). 2. Cup and saucer (C upon saw—CEN). 3. Shawl (Sai—awl). 4. Foot-rest (foot—rest). 5. Breast-pin (P—rest—pin). 6. Diary (di—A—rye). 7. Vase (V—ace). 8. Tidy (tid E). 9. Book-mark (book—mark). 10. Portemonnaie (P o'er T—money). 11. Letter-scales (letters K, L, S). 12. Eye-glasses (I—glasses). 13. Pencil-case (pence—L—K's). 14. Easel (E's L). 15. Boa (bow—A). 16. Ear-rings (ear [of corn]—rings). 17. Bouquet (bow K). 18. Locket (lock—E). 19. Checker-board (checker bored). 20. Club skates (clubs—K—eights). 21. Base-ball (B—ace—B—awl). 22. St. Nicholas (Str—nickel—AS). 23. Jockey Club (Jo—key—club). 24. Candy (can—D). 25. 26. Violin, accordion (vial in a cord—ION).

"Mercury" answered correctly ALL the puzzles in the November number.

ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to November 18, from Helen Green, Bessie McLaren, T. Marshall Josselyn, Bessie Lyle, Harrie Y., "Alex," Ella G. Condie, Walter T. Lucas, "Beth," Alice R. Moore, Brainerd P. Emery, "Little B.," Forrest E. Libby, Marguerite B. Newton, J. E. Hill, Archie C. Wellington, Josie M. Brown, Emma Elliott, Nannie E. Stevens, Rachel E. Hutchins, Elizabeth Sherrerd, Benjamin Taylor, Howard Steel Rodgers, Allie Bertram, Hildegard Sterling, Ora L. Dowty, Nellie Emerson, Agnes M. Hodges, Manning J. A. Logan, Willie Dibblee, Clyde Fitch, W. C. Spencer, Mary W. Wadsworth, Katharine Chapman, Fred Cook, Willie Duinn, Arthur D. Smith, Sallie E. Hewit, Oliver Everett, and Bessie Taylor.

REBUS, No. 1.



DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. A consonant. 2. Distant. 3. A city in Europe. 4. A precious stone. 5. A consonant.
 Downward: 1. A consonant. 2. A fruit. 3. A city in the United States. 4. An animal. 5. A consonant.

BLACK PRINCE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in hand, but not in eye;
 My second is in breath, but not in sigh;
 My third is in pencil, but not in pen;
 My fourth is in peacock, and also in hen;
 My fifth is in plant, but not in tree;
 My sixth is in latch, but not in key;
 My whole is a girl's name.

M. S.

SYNCOPIATIONS.

1. SYNCOPE a covering for the head, and leave noisy collision;
 again, and leave what we all yearn for. 2. SYNCOPE to clutch, and
 leave to struggle for breath; again, and leave an opening. 3. SYNCO-
 peate an Eastern monarch, and leave a vehicle. 4. SYNCOPE a division
 of verse, and leave a noted Roman. 5. SYNCOPE an iron fasten-
 ing, and leave a lodging-place; again, and leave a covering for the
 head.

CYRIL DEANE.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. To shape. 2. A custom. 3. A fruit. 4. An article of furniture.
 5. To lift.
 Downward, from left to right: A kind of tree. Upward, from
 right to left: A word meaning swift.

L. E. D.

EASY HIDDEN ANIMALS.

1. Is Eli on the fence? 2. You came late to-day. 3. Give me that
 box. 4. Look! what a pen! 5. Do good to all men. 6. Isaac ate
 three apples. 7. Be at ease; all is well.

T. D. D.

CHARADE.

My first is a god of mythology,
 Or (making the god an apology)
 A common vessel, small and rude;
 To do my second is much use—
 So thought the famous Robert Bruce;
 My third is where you keep your food.

P.

SHAKSPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

1. A FRIEND of Romeo's and kinsman to Escalus. 2. A noted
 comedy. 3. The Pope's legate in "King John." 4. The principal
 female character in "Much Ado About Nothing." 5. The rank of
 Berkeley in "Richard the Second." 6. A fast friend of Shylock.
 7. A friend of Hamlet.

The initials and finals form two of Shakspeare's best tragedies.

SEDGWICK.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fourteen letters. My 1 and 10 is an article; my
 3, 4, and 7 is an animal; my 3, 12, 6, and 13 is a kind of bread; my
 5, 9, and 7 is a pronoun; my 11, 10, 3, and 14 is a kind of grain;
 my 2, 6, 3, and 10 is a building. My whole is the name of a Presi-
 dent of the United States.

J. J. T.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following significations: 1,
 a liquor; 2, a leave-taking; 3, long, thin pieces; 4, dances; 5, cun-
 ning; and leave a diamond puzzle composed of—1, a consonant; 2,
 something used in backgammon; 3, a part of the body; 4, a fish;
 5, a consonant.

L. E.

RIDDLE.

I'm a very little thing, but oh, how smart!
 If you do not see my head, then will your heart
 Find me the greatest treasure that the world can hold,
 Far better than are house, or lands, or gold.
 If now my head be changed, you may declare
 I am a pleasant thing for you to wear.
 If to me as at first you add one letter,
 You then would say that nothing could be better
 To pass a happy life in—naught more sweet
 Could ever be pressed down by weary feet.

H.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. THAT — I often hear. 2. — trust me, and you
 will not — my sincerity. 3. There is a — for a mouse in
 my —. 4. I had several — of money in —. 5. I heard the
 — with entire —.

B.

TRIPLE PUZZLE.

I.—The following words are concealed in the sentences: 1. Fash-
 ions. 2. To eject. 3. The last. 4. At no time. 5. Even. 6. A
 vowel repeated. 7. A crew. 8. A meadow. 9. A small, flat surface.
 II.—Between the primals and finals there are complete words to
 each line, save the sixth, viz.: 1. A song. 2. A pronoun. 3. A girl's
 nickname. 4. A girl's name. 5. Twilight. 6. —. 7. An article.
 8. To consume. 9. Competent.

III.—Primals and finals form a double acrostic, and name two things
 which are only seen at night.

1. Young ladies should be modest at all times. 2. Does Lou state
 the truth, ever? 3. Come gather flowers for the Little Schoolma'am.
 4. Is this cane very strong? 5. I have for sale velvet and satin. 6.
 Tell George I invented this puzzle. 7. Is Meg angry with either of
 us? 8. Is he at Henry's new stable? 9. This table totters as if the
 floor was uneven.

CYRIL DEANE.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A GRACEFUL tree. 2. To worship. 3. Regal. 4. A sharp pain.
 5. Aids.

B.

REBUS, No. 2.

(Read the inscription on this ancient stone.)



PUZZLE.

FIND the first word; drop the first syllable, and add a new syllable to the second, to form the second word. Then drop the first syllable of that word, and add a new syllable to the second, to form the third word, and so continue until you have all the words.

1. Rancor. 2. A variety of feld-par. 3. A common bird. 4. Part of a spur. 5. Part of the arm. 6. An arbor. 7. A mission.

SEDGWICK.

EASY ENIGMA.

SEVEN letters. My whole is the chief beauty of a tree. My 1, 4, 6 is a foreign fruit tree. My 5, 3, 2, 7 is a tree found in warm climates, valued more for its juices than fruit.

B.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. THE capital of an ancient country famed for its statues. 2. The largest country in South America. 3. The largest republic in Europe. 4. The capital of a small country in Europe. 5. A country noted for its handsome shawls. 6. A part of North America.

The diagonals, read from left to right, name a famous Oriental country.

J. J. T.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals form the names of two cities in Southern Europe.

1. A grain. 2. What murderers try to prove. 3. A lady's garment. 4. A boy's nickname. 5. A coloring matter. 6. A place of concealment.

B. F.

ANAGRAMS.

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

TRANSPOSE each sentence into the name of a flower. Thus, the letters of "Beaver N" may be made to form "Verbena."

1. Beaver N. 2. Love it. 3. He sees a rat. 4. O ripe hotel. 5. To be sure. 6. Run as the cat "Bob." 7. O sur, I am green.

DOLLY VARDEN.

CENTRAL EXCEPTIONS.

EXCEPT the central letter from expectations, and leave farming implements; from a vision, and leave a measure; from sounds, and leave parts of the body; from an animal, and leave a row; from to waken, and leave a flower; from Indian corn, and leave confusion; from trees, and leave something good to eat.

The excepted letters, read downward, name a bird.

CYRIL DEANE.

thern
gar-
ce of
P.

s, the
d. 5-
EN.

rmimg
s, and
on to
asion:

NE.



ANDRÉ, THE ARTIST-SOLDIER.